Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &C.

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Maine Farmer.

S. L. BOARDMAN, Agricultural Editor.

Calendar of Events to Occur.

State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts.

PROGRAMME FOR COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

Saturday, July 31st, Evening—Sophomore Prize Exhibition.

Sunday, August 1st,—Baccalaureate Sermon by the President, Rev. Charles F. Allen, D. D.

Monday, August 2d, Evening—Junior Prize Exhibition.

Tuesday, August 3d, Evening—President's Levee.

Wednesday, August 4th,—A. M., Commencement Exercises. P. M., Address by Hon. Israel Washburn, jr., of Portland. Evening—Concert by Mrs. H. M. Smith, Mr. J. F. Rudolphson, W. H. Fessenden, and the Philharmonic Club of Boston.

Thursday, August 5th—A. M., Examination of candidates for admission to the College. P. M., Class Day exercises.

NEW ENGLAND FAIR—In connection with the New Hampshire State Fair at Manchester, N. H., Sept. 7—10. For particulars address Col. Daniel Needham, Sec'y of the New England Agricultural Society, at the Boston Headquarters, No. 45 Milk St., corner of Devonshire St.; also to Col. Geo. W. Riddle, Treasurer, Manchester, N. H.; and to Aaron Young, esq., Sec'y New Hampshire State Society, Portsmouth, N. H.

MAINE STATE FAIR—Combined exhibition of State Agricultural, State Pomological, State Dairymen's and State Stock Breeders Societies at Presumpscot Park, Portland, Sept. 21—24. [Entries to Live Stock and Implements Classes, close Sept. 7th. Samuel Wasson, Sec'y, East Surry.]

COUNTY EXHIBITIONS—Androscoggin, Lewiston, Oct. 5—7; Oxford, South Paris, Oct. 5—8; Western Hancock, Bucksport, Oct. 6—8; North Franklin, Phillips, Sept. 29—30; Waldo, Belfast, Oct. 11—13; Sagadahoc, Topsham, Oct. 12—14; Lincoln, Waldoboro', Oct. 12—14; Aroostook, Houlton, Sept. 23—24; Cumberland County, West Cumberland, Oct. 5—7; Washington, Pembroke, Sept. 29—30; Western Piscataquis, Monson, Sept. 29—30.

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY: Regular Meetings of Granges—Dirigo, Brunswick, Saturday evenings; Eastern Star, Hampden, Tuesday evenings; Forest Lee, Saturday evenings; Golden Harvest, Carmel, Wednesday evenings; Northern Light, Winterport, Thursday evenings; Naples, Monday evenings; Quantity City, Bangor, Saturday evenings; Rising Sun, East Knox, Saturday evenings; Somerset, South Norridgewock, Tuesday evenings; Victor, Fairfield Center, Thursday evenings; Harvest Moon, Thornhike, Wednesday afternoons; Mystic Tie, Kenduskeag, Saturday evenings; Home, Brook, Tuesday evenings at 6½ o'clock.

A Season without a Summer.

There are few, even of the present generation of readers, who have not heard of the cold season of 1816—the coldest ever known throughout Europe or America; and one which had more to do with inducing immigration from the Eastern States to the West, as Ohio was then called, than all other causes combined. Singular as it may appear, the winter months of that year, or December 1815, and January and February following, were unusually mild and warm throughout New England. Some old records say that in January fires were almost needless in rooms. March was quite mild, but cold weather commenced with the latter part of April, which had a temperature more like winter than spring. During May buds and flowers were frozen, ice formed half an inch thick, corn was killed and the fields were again and again planted until deemed too late. June was the coldest month ever known in the latitude of New England. Frost, ice and snow were common, and almost every green thing was spoiled. Fruit especially was nearly all destroyed. Snow fell to the depth of ten inches in Vermont, several throughout this State, also in Massachusetts and New York. On the 5th of July ice formed the thickness of window glass all over New England, and portions of Pennsylvania. While generally, Indian corn was nearly all killed, some probably located on hill farms escaped. August, the month in which our warmest weather is usually expected, was, it possible, colder and more cheerless than any of the preceding months. Ice formed half an inch thick, and Indian corn was so frozen that the greater part was cut and dried for fodder. Almost every green thing was destroyed in this country and Europe; and papers received from England state that it would be remembered by that generation as a year in which there was no summer. Of the remaining months of the year, September and December were mild, yet October and November were unusually cold, frosty and blustering.

On looking through the town histories of our State, we find but very meagre details of the season and crops during this remarkable year—although general statements as to its being the "cold season," are frequently met. The late Mr. Eaton in his valuable annals of Warren, Thomaston and Rockland, has been more particular on this subject than most local histories. He mentions in addition to the general characteristics of the year as given above, the appearance of great numbers of destructive insects, of dark spots on the disk of the sun, which were seen by the naked eye, and for the first time attracted the attention of the common people. This remarkable phenomenon is also noticed in several other local histories. Mr. Eaton also states that in June "many tender birds perished, the crops of corn, grain and potatoes were mostly cut off, and a general scarcity prevailed. Mr. North in his history of Augusta, says the year was the "coldest and most disastrous on record." Frost occurred every month in the year, and in May the rain froze on the fruit trees when they were nearly ready to blossom.

In consequence the crops being cut off, seed grain of all kinds was very scarce the following spring, and it was with much difficulty that it was procured for sowing and planting. Mr. Noyes in his history of Norway states seed corn was worth $3 per bushel; and in North's history of Augusta, it is stated that grain was so scarce it was difficult to procure a sufficient amount for seed, and the town raised ten hundred dollars to purchase seed, which was distributed among the farmers. This was one of the most trying seasons to the farmers of New England ever experienced, and happily there has been no return of a similar nature. General prosperity and plenty has followed us, and let us hope the day is far distant when a similiar occurrence shall come to afflict our fair State.

Queries about Grass.

Can you or any of your correspondents inform me as to the value for hay, and the yield per acre, and the hardiness of the following grass, viz: foul meadow, (*Poa serotina*) orchard grass, (*Dactylis glomerata*) and blue joint, so called, and also what kind of soil is required to produce the above grasses. Also what are the best hedge trees for Maine, say in the vicinity of Augusta.

W. K. S.

All the grasses named by our correspondent generally succeed best on moist soils, although the first two produce good crops on high land. Orchard grass likes the shade, however, and foul meadow succeeds best on rich interval, and along the borders of rivers and streams. Blue joint, (*calamagrostis canadensis*) likes a moist low place, and is seldom seen growing on high land, and does not succeed well when artificially cultivated. Foul meadow grass makes an excellent fodder for cattle and sheep, although regarded as too fine for horses. It will stand a long time before cutting, without becoming woody or hard, and the stalk, even, is sweet and tender and eaten without waste. Orchard grass is one of our most valuable grasses either for grazing or for hay, and is very nutritious. It should be used more generally and largely than it is, by all farmers when seeding their fields and pastures. In regard to blue joint grass we believe it has never been analysed, nor have its nutritive qualities been subject to any careful experiments. Cattle relish it very much, both in its green state and when made into hay, and it is generally allowed to be a very nutritious grass, as much so as Timothy, but this opinion rests upon very uncertain evidence. In regard to hedge plants we have the choice of Norway spruce and Arbor Vitæ, either of which are hardy, bear transplanting and trimming well, and will make a handsome hedge.

Apples as Food for Stock.

Perhaps there is no crop raised on the farm, which may be, and is to some extent used as food for stock, about which there is so much diversity of value, as about apples. It is true they are fed to swine to some extent, and cattle often eat the windfalls from orchards or scattering trees growing up by the pasture fence or roadside—but there is no uniform and systematic method of feeding them to farm stock. There is, moreover, a very conflicting opinion in regard to their worth; some asserting that they are valuable for horses, cows and swine; while others regard them as containing no nourishment; and some say positively that they "dry up" milch cows. These loose statements led Prof. F. H. Storer of the Bussey Institution, (connected with Harvard College) to make some careful and accurate analyses to obtain the feeding value of sour apples. And it may here be remarked that it is sour apples about which this diversity of value has been held—it having been generally understood that sweet apples possess positive value as food for swine and for milch cows, while they have also, in many instances, been fed to horses with decided advantage. In conducting the examination alluded to, Prof. Storer made separate analyses of the flesh and skin of Baldwins and Russets, and also of pomace—in all, five analyses. But it will be readily understood that the composition of apples being so little like that of the roots and grasses ordinarily used as fodder, it is difficult in the absence of any correct knowledge of these constituents to say what fodder should be given in connection with them, in order that their corresponding parts may be properly utilized by the animals. Hence the uncertainty and doubt that has obtained in regard to the value of apples—especially sour apples. As a result of the above analyses, Baldwins were found to contain 84 per cent. of water, 0.21 per cent. of albuminoids, and 14 1-2 per cent. of carbo hydrates, including fat. Russets contained a little less water, a little more albuminoids and nearly 16 1-2 per cent. of carbo hydrates. The analyses of the parings of the apples resulted in showing much less water and a considerably larger per cent. (23 1-2 in the skin of Russets) of carbo hydrates, than in the flesh of the apple. Pomace gave 77 1-4 per cent. of water, one-half per cent of albuminoids and nearly 17 1-2 per cent. of fat farmers.

In a chemical point of view, the noticeable feature in the composition of the is the very small proportion of albuminoids contained in it, as compared with the amount of carbo hydrates. Practically, the analyses show that the exceedingly small proportion of nitrogen—a mere trace—contained in the apple, indicates very clearly the necessity of testing, in connection with it, some kind of fodder exceptionally rich in nitrogenous constituents, such as peas, beans, oil cake, fish scraps, &c. So that boiled sour apples and oat and pea meal mixed together, form, as many farmers have proved by experience, a good food for swine. It would appear from the analyses that there is actually less food in a pound of apples than in a pound potatoes; and Prof. Storer suggests that the comparative value of apples and potatoes can only be determined by competitive trials, in which each of these kinds of food is supplemented by other kinds that are competent to supply the constituents which are lacking in the apples or potatoes, as the case may be.

In regard to pomace, it may be said that it contains only a very small proportion of matters useful as food for plants. In fact it contains so little of nitrogen and ashes, that it has no fertilizing power, except in so far as it may be useful for mulching. As a food for stock it very closely resembles that of apples, and it demands the same kinds of additions to render it of any value. In addition to this, we have one interesting fact to state. The very small amount of nitrogen and of ash in the apple shows how little an orchard tends to exhaust the soil on which it grows, provided the conditions are such that the leaves falling from the trees can be retained upon the ground beneath. An analyses of apple ash shows that a thousand pounds of fresh apples would carry off no more than eight-tenths of a pound of potash, and one-third of a pound of phosphoric acid.

Wastes on the Farm.

The following is the pungent manner in which the *American Agriculturist* goes for those small leaks of the farm, which are of themselves generally overlooked, but the attention to which proves the difference between profit and loss, both of time and substance. It says:

"These small matters which in many manufacturing establishments give a fair profit, such as preventing or utilizing wastes, are scarcely studied on the farm. If a horse has a habit of throwing his food out of the manger, it is supposed that the chickens will pick it out of the manure, but what is left in the morning, after the rats have helped themselves during the night, amounts to but little, if any. Scores of such little matters abound all over the farm. Mice in the granary and mows, and rats in the crib; lice on the cattle and poultry, and ticks on the sheep; hay cut a little late; weeds suffered to grow a little too long; a little break left until it becomes a costly one; working with dull tools; being a little behindhand in everything; all these and many others, amount in the aggregate to a loss which, if saved, would be in themselves a fair profit. The general unthrift that accompanies this habit of waste, discourages the children, and they hope for the time when they can escape and do better somewhere else. It is thus in nearly all those cases where we hear that farming, really the best business possible, does not pay, and no man can long carry on a business that is not profitable without discouragement and disgust.

The Adulteration of Cheese.

What Harris Lewis Says.

In our last we alluded to the adulteration of cheese by the use of foreign and unnatural substances, and gave an extract from the *American Grocer*, an able advocate of justice and fair dealing in our business pursuits in regard to this subject. In further perusing the matter that journal publishes the following sensible and characteristic letter from Hon. Harris Lewis, which not only takes the right stand on this very important matter, but will be read with interest and receives a hearty endorsement from every dairyman who has at heart the success of their leading industry. We copy from the *American Grocer* of July 3d:

"Please accept my thanks for the stand you take in regard to the adulteration of cheese by the use of oleomargarine or any other substitute for the cream. It is deplorable that the only perfect food for mankind, milk, or its products, should be adulterated to satisfy the unlawful and inordidate greed of a few soap-grease men, and thereby endanger the entire dairy interests of this country. The substitution of oleomargarine or any other kind of fat for cream, in the manufacture of cheese, was to my mind so extremely ridiculous that I gave it little attention, supposing it would soon die a natural death, and like most other things that die, be buried. But when the last annual meeting of the American Dairymen's Association was held at Utica last winter, I found to my great surprise that the organization was to be run in the interest of the adulterators of human food, to a great extent. There was Prof. Caldwell, who had shaken off the dust of Cornell and come all the way to Utica at the expense of the dairymen for the purpose of advocating oil as a substitute for cream in cheese-making. Now, my old cat would know without any investigation that cream is better than any other kind of grease, either in cheese or out of it, and certainly that it would be better where it belongs than any foreign substitute. There was also Prof. L. B. Arnold, to whom the dairymen owe more than to any other man living, for the light given, and advancement made, through his careful experiments given them for a series of years, toiling and spring and autumn, to adulterate at the hazard of our entire dairy interests. There was also found X. A. Willard, who has done more for the American dairymen than any other man, by way of gathering together and presenting in readable form what all our best dairymen have said and done for the last ten or twelve years. He also went in for grease instead of cream.

These three men have each in his own way done much to bring our American cheese up to its present standard of excellence, for which they have my hearty thanks, and for which I believe they are justly entitled to the thanks of our entire nation in addition to the money compensation heretofore received. I think these men, from whom we had received so much and from whom we expect so much in the future, have in an unguarded moment, by lending their influence in favor of adulterating cheese, done an almost irreparable injury to dairymen throughout the country and put in jeopardy our entire dairy interests. Yet I judge that if the oleomargarine cheese is sold by its own name, as it certainly ought to be, it will work itself clear like nasty cider. If good, clean suet, when substituted for cream, will make good desirable cheese, the stinkiest kind of soap grease will do the same thing. Oil refiners can take soap-grease through which maggots crawl, from which they roll and tumble out in pursuit of a more agreeable place of abode, and make beautiful, sweet-scented hair oil. Can they not make from it a good substitute for cream in cheese? Is it unwise or wise to kill the goose that lays the golden egg?"

Ashes for Fruit Trees.

Mr. C. M. Weston of Belgrade, the enterprising orchardist, whose successes and persistent labors in this line of farming we have before chronicled, has realized good results from applying a top dressing of unleached ashes about his young trees, previous to mulching them in the spring. Trees from one inch to three inches in diameter, receive from little less than a peck to half a bushel—scattered about under the trees away from the trunk, and the mulch—consisting of meadow hay—then put on. Some might say it was the mulch which did all the good, but Mr. Weston has been trying some little experiments in the matter of mulching, top-dressing, not mulching and other things—about trees and their ways—asking questions of them and carefully noting the results—and he is satisfied that ashes form a most valuable fertilizer for apple trees, applied in the manner suggested, and recommends their use in this way by all who would have a thrifty young orchard, and who would see their trees laugh and grow fat, and bear heavy crops of fruit.

The Late Summer Seeding of Grass.

Some of the best farmers in this country have followed the practice for some years, of turning over pieces of their mowing fields, that are somewhat run out, after haying; spreading on a top-dressing of well-rotted manure, and the last of August or first of September—as the season may be—seeding heavily with grass seed. In all instances of this kind of which we have heard, heavy crops of hay have been harvested the following year, and the plan has uniformly met with success. If farmers desire to do so, and are willing to try the experiment, they may sow on some winter wheat with the grass seed, and see how it does. They may harvest a fair crop, but in some instances of which we have learned, the grass has overshadowed the wheat, which latter had given but a light yield. But for the purpose of securing advantage of the main point—the renovation of our grass lands—the plan is worthy of more general practice.

Editorial Notes.

We publish in another place an extract from a private letter from Mr. George Bigelow, formerly of Skowhegan, who is at present in Colorado, where he spent the last winter with a daughter whose husband is engaged in extensive business operations in that territory. Mr. Bigelow is an observing gentleman, and his interesting letter will be read attentively by all. May his advice to young men be heeded.

Our obligations are due to Mrs. S. C. Goodwin of North Fairfield, a MAINE FARMER woman, for the generous donation of a large cheese of rich quality; the product of her skill and knowledge of cheese making. It was not one of those skimmed and turned over again and skimmed again affairs—but a genuine whole milk, melting, "fatty" cheese, the like of which we do not often see in these days of oleomargarine adulteration. For her thoughtful attention she has our sincere thanks.

☞ A proprietor of an alpaca factory in Chauntauqua County, N. Y., has achived the feat of shearing a pair of Angora goats in the morning, manufacturing the fleeces into cloth, and of the cloth having a dress made for his daughter, who wore it the same evening.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Letter from Colorado Territory.

In leaving Omaha for the place where I am now writing, the first 150 miles is settled and looks very much like Iowa—then it becomes dry and barren, only growing bunches of stinted Buffalo grass, and so continues up to the foot of the mountains except where they irrigate from mountain streams. The soil is coarse, of a brick-dust color. Cheyenne is on the divide between the two branches of the Platte. The soil here is a perfectly barren gravel, with no grass or shrubs of any kind. It is quite a town, and here the Denver R. R. intersects with the U. P. R. R. Denver is built on the banks of the South Platte; the location is beautiful and the streets are as hard as concrete. It has large and commodious public houses, halls, churches, schools. One would be surprised in looking at this large and well built city, with its long streets filled on both sides with handsome brick blocks, well filled with all kinds of goods that one would find in our Eastern cities—and think that it is only sixteen years since the first cabin was built here. It contained 22,000 inhabitants in 1874, and must have 30,000 now. Four railroads run into it from different points, and it is the great centre for all the territory.

Boulder city where I am now located is thirty miles north of Cheycnne, in Boulder county, a town of considerable business and containing 2500 to 3000 inhabitants. Here concentrate several roads which run into the mountains, being built up the canyons at great expense, making outlets by which mining camps recieve their supplies. The mountains are full of men sinking shafts and running tunnels far into the solid rock, following "leads" or crevices as we would call them, which hold gold and silver. There are some quite large towns up the mountains, foremost of which are Central city, and Black Hawk—both incorporated cities containing several thousand inhabitants each. They are some twenty miles up from the plains, but have a railroad to each place, with a still grade—cutting into the sides of the mountains for the roadbed, and spanning fearful chasms, at an enormous expense. I have been informing myself in regard to the resources of this great territory, which is now to become a State and find that the mines are the greatest source of the wealth and business of the territory. Farming is expensive and uncertain: expensive, for they have to dig large canals which lead out in all directions for the purpose of irrigating all cultivated lands, for they have no rain through the summer months—and uncertain, for the grasshoppers take every green thing three years out of five. They were here this year in vast numbers ready for the first green thing. There is nothing left of the first sowing, but they have become thinned out somewhat and farmers are putting in some late crops. They lost their crop last year, and the wealthy men loaned their money without interest, with which to purchase seed. Stock raising is the most profitable and safest business of all the industries of this vast region. They do not feed their cattle at any time, but in cold and snowy weather, they grow poor and suffer some instances, and many die. But during the summer they get very fat. Some ranch-men keep from one thousand to thirty thousand head out on the plains. They "pre-empt" 160 acres near some creek, build a cabin and corral, and let their cattle roam over the vast plains, only driving them in twice a year to brand them; and obtaining the fattest ones for sale. Coal is found here in abundance; the area of its deposit being as large as the whole State of Massachusetts. Its quality is much like that of the Nova Scotia coal, burning freely, but it does not possess lasting qualities.

The past winter seemed very pleasant to me, but the old settlers here called it cold and rough. The spring was warm, and with the light air it made one feel weak and languid—but this sensation passes away as one gets acclimated to it. A few weeks ago I went up into the mountain, where I found the air cold and exhilerating. I went as far up as the snowy range or timber line, as they call it here; where timber ceases to grow. This is eleven thousand feet above the sea level. The "backbone" of the Continent is wild and rough in the extreme. The scenery is majestic and grand beyond description. Here mountains tower above mountains thousands of feet, and streams rush down their sides with fearful rapidity, pouring and leaping over precipices, and uniting to form the Platte which winds across the plains and empties into the Missouri below Omaha, some eight hundred miles from the mountains. The Platte is a broad river, but it is shoal, and quicksand moves along its bottom all the time. In some places the water of the river is divided into five or six channels, which makes it in fact several miles in width, and but a small part of its water ever goes into the Missouri, being used for irrigation, which with the rapid evaporation lessens its volume to a great extent. The mountains afford an abundance of lumber, but it is hard, rough work to get it, and they import better lumber from Chicago. The growth on the mountains is nearly all pine. Times are hard here, and money is scarce. It is loaned for 2 per cent. a month. But it is worth one's trouble and expense to visit this country and see its grand scenery, its lofty mountains and its vast plains. For 350 miles north and south, and 150 miles east and west there is scarcely a foot of level land—all is snow capped hills. Then to see the labor and human ingenuity being expended here is wonderful. The number of men at work among the mountains is almost incredible. They are sinking shafts and running tunnels a thousand feet into the mountains, in a horizontal position—moving the rock out on cars and pumping in air through tubes to the men there at work. I went into one of these tunnels recently, and it seemed as if I was out of the world. But after all this striving and scrambling for gold, and this busy mountain life, give me the farms and homes the society and scenery of Maine, my old home. Let her young men stay there, work diligently and industriously, and they will be better off in twenty years, than to come here and take the uncertain chances of a miner's or ranchman's life. Tell the young men whom you see to stay in Maine.

GEORGE BIGELOW.

Boulder City, Colorado Territory.

For the Maine Farmer.

Deep Cultivation.

Experience in Subsoiling Wet Land.

I don't pretend to be a careful farmer, neither do I deem myself competent to write an article for an agricultural paper. But as there has been much said about deep cultivation, and the various methods of doing it, I thought perhaps I might give a few ideas that would in some measure be a benefit to the farming community. I have always been in favor of deep cultivation, but how to do it successfully, with the small amount of dressing that I have, has been a question with me. For I find that putting my plow down to the beam, and bringing to the surface the cold stiff subsoil, it takes one third more dressing to produce the same amount of crops, than it does to cultivate the loam upon the surface; and I believe that shoal plowing, on most of the farms in Maine, does not remunerate the farmer for his labor. It is the usual custom with most farmers, to plow in the fall, and the average depth is about six inches. The first heavy rain storm that comes, large puddles of water will be seen standing in many places over the piece plowed, and in that condition, will freeze up. In the spring we find our land (I mean our clay loam) all run together, and the same puddles standing upon it; so that instead of getting their grain in early, farmers are obliged to putter around two or three weeks before they can get on to their ground to work it. The consequence is well known to all farmers, a very poor crop of grain, and no catch of grass seed. What is to be done in this case? How are we to manage our farms so as to produce more, with the amount of dressing that we have? I have no doubt but underdraining is very important, but as that is attended with so much expense, there are but very few farmers who can afford to do it.

The only true course, and cheapest method for the farmers to pursue in order to obtain good crops in wet, as well as dry seasons, is to thoroughly subsoil their lands. Take the Rigby subsoil plow, that is so constructed that it will go to any desired depth, and cut the whole width of any plow and thoroughly pulverize the earth and not mix any with the loam. I had a two acre piece that was so wet last spring, a year ago, I could not get on to it until the very last of June, then it was so hard and lumpy, my crop did not amount to any thing. Last fall when the land was in the best condition to plow, I went on to the same piece with my two horse team, plow and subsoiler. The piece was eight by forty rods. I plowed it in two beds beginning in the middle of the beds with my plow, and turning a back furrow out and back eight inches deep. Then I put my subsoiler in the furrow, eight inches deep, then the next furrow was turned into that, and so on until the whole piece was subsoiled. I cleaned out the ditches and dead furrows as deep as the subsoiler went. I have watched the piece very close and have not seen any water standing on it since it was plowed.

PENOBSCOT FARMER.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Patrons of Husbandry.

Reply to Patron.

It would appear from his article, that my opponent was pretty well immersed in secret things. So much so, that he dare not have his responsible name appear in black and white, but comes out under the rather indefinite term of "Patron." Under these seemingly existing circumstances, I hardly know whether to countenance his arguments or not; but believe I would not if it was not for defending myself; so I will say a few words in defence of my former position.

To commence, "Patron" says that secrecy as an objection to certain societies "hardly merits consideration." His reason is because it "applies to so large a part of every civilized nation." Does this make it *right* I ask, when carried to excess? Hardly an organization of any kind is formed now-a-days without the admission of a little, "just a little secrecy. We admit this; we admit that it "applies largely to civilized nations;" for we cannot help admitting it. It is an undeniable fact. But is it right, because of its universality? "Patron" says that I "will perhaps admit that it is right and proper that individuals should have secrets." Of course I will, and more too, I will even admit that it is often necessary. If it were necessary in organizations, I would not lisp a word. But it is not necessary, it is a humbug, and is therefore wrong. "Families," he says, "also have their privacies, which are sacredly held by each member, and the same may be said of churches, though they are not regarded as secret societies." Of course they are not regarded so, and why? because people know the *nature* of everything that "Patron" erroneously calls secrets in such societies. They know, they have an idea what the privacies of family relations, and of the church may be; experience has taught them this. And so it is not so much *secret* as it appears to be, and there is, of course no appearance of "monkery and trickishness" about it. He says that I might "almost as well question God's wisdom in conferring upon us the faculty of secretiveness, as to question the propriety of its exercise." I do not stop to question its exercise when exercised rightly. All our faculties can be used to excess, and used wrongly, and it is this, and only this, that I would object to.

To my second objection, that "individuals are admitted, who are not, strictly speaking, engaged in farming," this unknown "Patron" says, "this savors so strongly of the fault-finding spirit, that it needs no refutation." Of course; and so in one sense of the word, that whole article may be said to "savor of the fault-finding spirit," for it is strongly, as I meant it should be, in opposition to secret societies. He adds, "will Mr P. please name some one society, either open, or secret, to the membership of which, some improper persons do not find access?" No, and I do not wish to. But does this make it right, I again ask?" "Patron" seems to think that if a thing is in universal practice, of course it must be right.

To my third objection, that the Grange does not do away with the most conspicuous middlemen &c., "Patron" says, "I have never understood that any one, (myself excepted) believed it practicable or desirable to do away with middlemen; but," he says, contradicting what he has just said, "we *do* propose to lessen their number as much as possible."

To my fourth, and last objection, that "I think an organization much different, much better, and a great deal more simple; might be established, on just as firm a basis as the Patrons of Husbandry, and accomplish the same objects &c.," "Patron" further says, "it is a very poor consolation to tell us that there is a much better way to do a thing, than the one in which we are doing it, and yet refuse or neglect to point it out." To this, I would say that I have neither "refused or neglected" to point out this better method, in a measure at least. And if "Patron" will get the right idea of my previous article he cannot help seeing that it is evident from what I said there, what I would have the farmer do, and wherein I would have a "much better, and a great deal more simple" organization. And it would be all of this, if it was free from the objections I named. Letting this suffice, I will close by requesting "Patron" to use his responsible name when he writes again.

South Bridgton. A. P. REED.

For the Maine Farmer.

Farming in Maine.

Maine is as yet an agricultural State. Her broad acres lay out before us, beautiful farms are scattered all over her wide domain, with their neat looking white farm houses dotting the surface on every hand. Why should not the farmer enjoy himself? There is certainly no reason, if he has his health, if his family are all well, why he cannot enjoy himself at farming on one of these beautiful Maine farms. With a good comfortable home, a neat and tidy house, barns in good repair, or in a fair condition, a good stock of cattle, an abundant supply of land, and best of all a dutiful and loving wife, he should be content. But we fear many, under circumstances similar to those we have described, think they are very uncomfortably situated, and sigh for better days. We hardly know how to account for their discontentment. Probably they think they have a very hard time, they look on and see the merchants, the lawyers, the mechanics, and men of various occupations, how they manage; and they come to the conclusion that they have a much easier time than farmers. So soon you hear them cry, anything but farming. Now if they would look at this matter in a little different light, it would appear different to them I think. Mechanics have to toil early and late for a small compensation, but few of them are masters of their own work, they need to have overseers over them. The merchant has to work hard, and often has heavy losses to sustain. The professional men all have their trials and perplexities. So farming does not appear so very bad after all. The farmer is his own "boss;" he moves at his own bidding. There is no one to domineer or rule over him. In spring time he plants his crops, he tends them through the summer, and in autumn harvests his grain. The farmer is an independent man. After his crops are grown, and gathered, he is sure that he has something to sustain him, something necessary to support life. And when the cold winds of winter sweep by, he can sit down before his comfortable fire, and feel that one thing is sure, and that is, "Let come what may, I am prepared to meet the cold and chilling blasts of winter, without fear of tasting the pangs of starvation." No man can feel as independent in this respect as the farmer. All other classes are dependent upon him. It is what he raises that they must have to subsist on. Mechanics, (a larger portion of them,) are dependent upon their daily labor for support, they rely wholly upon the labor performed by their hands; but it is different with the farmer, his crops are growing while he is sleeping, his stock is continually growing, so it is different with him, than it is with the mechanic. Why should so many desire to be professional men? Is it because they think it a little more honorable? The professions are crowded now, they are over-stocked, the supply is more than equal to the demand. Do not think that farming is not an honorable calling, for there is no calling more honorable than tilling the soil. The class of men that have made farming their occupation ever since the earliest history of creation have made it an honorable calling. There is no class of men at the present day, that are more respectable than the farmers. The farmers of Maine can live in peace and comfort if they will. These pleasant hillsides, the beautiful valleys, the waving forests, all present a charming picture. On one of these beautiful Maine farms, with pleasant surroundings, a man ought to live content, and when done with earth, to have his body laid at rest, in the soil of Maine; a State that has ever been loyal and true, that presents a history untarnished, by acts of disloyalty, that has ever been found in the right place. We should feel proud to know we are residents of the Pine Tree State. Farmers of Maine; don't be discontented, stay on the farm! Be content to live in this good old State, do all you can to advance agriculture, and when life with you shall be over, the wind that sweeps through the trees your hands have planted, shall sing your requiem, and all nature will seem wrapped in mourning, because a noble, true hearted man has passed away.

Winthrop. B. C. TORSEY.

For the Maine Farmer.

Notes by the Way.

The Town of Searsmont

Was first settled in 1800 by Nathaniel Evans. It was then called Greene Plantation. The first framed house was built in 1805 by Humphrey Hook, one of the pioneer settlers, who with Samuel Thompson built the first saw mill in 1802, known now as the "Hook Mill," in North Searsmont. Prof. C. W. Bateman is now building a fine residence on the cellar where stood the first framed house in this town. Among the first settlers were Hill, Bagley, Thompson and Crawford. The present population is about 1500; valuation, $300,500. There are in town ten water powers, on which are saw mills, shingle and stave machines, tannery, grist mill, carding mill and sash and blind factory, all doing an extensive business. Searsmont village is situated on the Georges river, and contains about 500 inhabitants, with six stores, a hotel, two meeting houses, three blacksmith shops, four carriage shops and one cheese factory. This is not so good a farming town as many others in this county, although I find some excellent farms here. M. W. Mason has a fine farm, a good set of farm buildings and some good cattle and sheep. His wife, who is a sensible woman, tells me they could not keep house without the MAINE FARMER. There is a lime quarry in Searsmont, and they have recently discovered a silver mine which I am told promises to be of some value, and parties from Thomaston and Belfast are working it. I am told that in former years this has been a great lumber region, and the lumbering business has been carried on to the neglect of farming; but they are now turning their attention to farming and stock raising, which is a step in the right direction, as the lumber has nearly all been cut, and the people must rely on their farms as a means of support.

The Town of Morrill

Was settled in 1805. Benj. Smith was the first settler, and came into town when it was a wilderness. Mr. Smith and Mr. Walker built the first mill on the Demsawassy stream, now known as Smith's mills. Here is a very good water power, with saw and shingle mill, grist mill and rake factory, where they manufacture the Mears Horse Rake, a spring tooth rake, which is becoming very popular. They have just built a cheese factory at Morrill village, size of building 30x40 feet, 20 feet post. This is an excellent location for a cheese factory, and they tell me they have the promise of milk from 200 cows. The shares in the company are all taken up. Morrill is not an average town for agricultural and grazing purposes, but there are some good farms. Mr. D. W. Morey has a good farm, good buildings, and is doing much to promote the farming interest in that town. Mr. F. A. Gray, the "champion wheat grower," has a good farm, which he is bringing under a high state of cultivation. In regard to Mr. Gray's big crop of wheat, as reported last fall, I hear by his neighbors who helped thresh and measure it, that it was all correct as to quantity. The present population of Morrill is about 600; valuation about $100,000. I noticed a very nice barn at Morrill village, belonging to a Mr. Storer, which is an ornament to the place, and a credit to the builder. There are some very good orchards in Morrill, and farmers are taking special pains in this direction.

Knox.

This is a hilly and somewhat mountainous town, well adapted to stock raising, being excellent grazing land. There are some fine cattle in this town, some good farms and enterprising farmers. J. C. and C. S. Vose both have good farms and good buildings, and the best flocks of sheep to be found in Waldo County. They are taking particular pains to improve their flocks so as to combine the two desired qualities of wool and mutton, and they are succeeding well, as a look at their flocks will plainly show. This town is noted for its good orchards, as the land is well adapted to fruit growing. In this town there are two water powers—one on the half moon stream, Bowen & Wiggin mills, saw, shingle and stave; and one on the Freedom stream, tannery, and Clark's saw and grist mills, and shingle machines. This town was first settled in 1800, and among the first settlers were the Hacketts, Reeds, Thompsons and Clements. The population is about 1500; valuation, $350,000. There is no village in this town, but it has three meeting houses and three post offices.

J. P. C.

For the Maine Farmer.

Renovating Pastures.

Mr. D. H. Thing says, in an article written May last. "Now brother farmers for another campaign." So say I, but I cannot agree with him in regard to the difficulty in growing wheat on the old farms of Maine. "A certain number of plowings and harrowings does not show the amount of work done, the condition of the soil &c." Now, I believe there are old worn out pastures enough in Maine, which, by being properly plowed and worked this year, would stop the importation of flour into the State.

I have recently visited some of the cheese factories, and in my opinion the pastures might be so improved, that the value of the cows might be doubled in one year.

I noticed an article written by Henry Poor some time since on the value of good pastures. "Spread manure if possible; plow in the green crop the 1st of July—sow heavily with grass seed, and the following year ten acres of this new pasture will feed and fatten fifteen cows of the worn out pastures." Now I know by my own experience that this assertion is true; and I would like to have Mr. Poor's letter reprinted in the MAINE FARMER. It would do much good. Some tell me that I have a theory which no one can understand. Now my theory is just this and nothing more:—Plow and reseed our pastures. Winter wheat should be sown on land where the snow lays on, as no grain will be winter killed where there is no ice, any sooner than grass.

WINSLOW AREY.

Hampden.

I think I can beat friend Newhall on big eggs, I have a pullet that laid yesterday an egg that measured 6 1-2 inches by 7 5-8, weighing 4 1-2 oz. Two days before she laid an egg measuring 6 1-8 by 7 1-4 inches; how is that for biddy? WM. HEATH.

New Castle.

Woman's Department.

For the Woman's Department.

A Chat about Eating.

Dear Sisters:—Will you admit a stranger to your department? I read your weekly chats with much interest; indeed, it is the first thing my eye rests upon when, having got through with my work, I sit down to rest and read the FARMER. I have noticed particularly the bills of fare that have appeared occasionally, that I might borrow some of your dishes for my own table; for "country folks," who live miles from any market, find it difficult and perplexing to prepare twenty-one acceptable meals each week, with sufficient variety to suit all. "Aunt Bethiah" has kindly furnished us with hers, but Edward says he don't like it; but then we have often thought that Edward was dainty. I presume *she* has strong men and boys at her house, who eat heartily and good naturedly of fried pork and warmed potatoes six times in the week, and make no faultfinding, but such men don't live at "our house." Edward never finds fault, but then he has a very definite way of showing his likes and dislikes at the table, and were I to place fried pork and warmed potatoes before him oftener than once in six months, however strongly seasoned with apologies, I should doubtless be obliged to remove it untasted. I am obliged, however, to cook three hearty meals each day, or I should certainly have to resort to the pork barrel oftener than I now do.

I always endeavor to have two fresh dishes each week, which I obtain from the meat and fish carts that generally pass our house during the week. Boiled corned beef lays the foundation for a good dinner, and dry codfish properly prepared, makes another acceptable dinner with us. Fried ham and eggs serve for another, and I shall be obliged to confess to the old time fashion of baked beans and brown bread for Saturday night and Sunday. I have not thought it necessary to name the usual accompaniment of each meal, viz.: potatoes and other vegetables, pickles, a good supply of bread and butter always upon the table, with desert of puddings or pies. Tapioca pudding is a favorite dish with "our girls," then comes boiled rice pudding, baked rice pudding, baked indian pudding, bread pudding, apple pies, custard pies, cream pies, the latter of which just suit them. Rhubarb pies are quite nice if made by an old rule I have somewhere heard, viz.: Put in all the sugar you can possibly afford, then shut your eyes and throw in another handful. We have mince pies in cold weather. Sea moss farina makes a delicate addition to the dinner or supper table.

Having an abundance of apples they generally find their way to our table in some form, at nearly every meal. Edward prefers apple sauce to preserves, but the "girls" favor the preserves—thus all are suited. A good cup of coffee is indispensable at the breakfast table when Edward is at home, also hot johnny cake, which he thinks I know how to make; with plain bread, doughnuts, or gingerbread, cheese, and something from dinner of the day before, or if preferred, "nice fresh laid eggs for breakfast every morning," seem all that is desired at "our house."

Our suppers are lighter. Warm biscuit, or fritters, or toast, with cake of some kind, sauce, cheese, but

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, July 24, 1875.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

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Collectors' Notices.

MR. J. P. CLARK is now calling upon our Subscribers in Penobscot County. P. O. address Riverside.

Art-Industrial Education.

We have received from L. Prang and Company of Boston, one of their recent publications which we have read with great interest. It is part of the Austrian Official Report of the Vienna World's Fair of 1873, and in it the subject of modern Art Education, its practical and æsthetic character are educationally considered. The work, which contains about two hundred pages, is carefully translated with explanatory notes, by S. R. Koehler, and is introduced to the American public by C. B. Stetson, formerly of this State who occupies about fifty pages.

The subject of art-industrial education has long excited public attention in Europe and now there is but one opinion respecting its importance and of the wisdom of making it universal. The movement is not confined to the larger powers, but pervades all Europe—the smaller as well as the larger States. England leads all others in recent progress, and the methods there adopted for promoting this education, have generally been imitated by others. France long led the world in all matters of art, but of late that country, too, has been taking lessons of her neighbor across the channel.

England and Continental Europe are now well aware of the fact that an industrial conflict in impending among the leading nations of the world and that the issues are quite as vital as those which were formerly settled by the arbitrament of arms. The little volume before us which gives a brief account of the progress of art-industrial education in the several principal countries of Europe and in America, shows that for this new conflict England especially is arming herself with great deliberation, and now with the utmost thoroughness. Her half measures first adopted were proved by the exposition in London in 1851 to be inadequate. She challenged the world to a comparison of industrial taste and skill, and she found herself far below her European rivals and excelling only the United States. At first she depended, as we do in this country, on educating her workmen only after they became workmen, but profiting by her humiliating defeat, she at once discarded the old policy and went vigorously to work to reduce instruction in art, as applied to industry, to rational methods and according to recognized educational principles. To effect this object the Science and Art Department was formed in the Privy Council, the special work of which is the popular dissemination of a knowledge of science and art as applied to human industry. At first the department devoted itself to the advancement of drawing, and the arts of design and the educational influence of the government was soon felt throughout the kingdom. In all important towns schools for instruction in drawing, modeling and design have been established. The South Kensington Museum of Art which was established in 1852 at an expense of six millions of dollars and receives annually half a million more, is the center of art-instruction for the whole kingdom.

The good results of this systematic movement in England was clearly shown in the London exposition in 1862 and France becoming alarmed, the Emperor appointed an able commission to investigate the subject of technical education in general and of art-industrial education in particular, who reported three years later, "that drawing with all its applications to the different industrial arts, should be considered as the principal means to be employed in technical instruction." The government proceeded at once to act upon the suggestion of the commission and the entire system of art-instruction was reconstructed. Germany and Austria quickly followed in the same direction and now the English plan has been adopted throughout continental Europe.

In the various Universal Expositions in which the industries of the United States have been represented, save only in the matter of machinery, and especially in all manufactures requiring art and skill in workmanship, we have been far behind other countries. This fact has been so apparent that now an earnest activity in favor of art-education is beginning to manifest itself not only among our leading educators, but among our foremost and most sagacious business men. In Massachusetts the movement is taking form and promises the most important results.

In the extent and variety of natural resources America excels all other nations, and the great problem of our statesmen is, how we can make the most of them? Notwithstanding the vast extent of our arable land as compared with that of France, her exports of wheat largely exceled ours and with all our superior facilities for manufacturing, our imports of foreign goods are always in excess of our exports, keeping the balance of trade against us and draining the country of its gold. A large proportion of our exports is raw material, such as cotton, the greater part of whose value is added by the processes of manufacture. Why should we not manufacture it here, and why should not our manufactured goods be equal to those of any other country? We shall not attain to the highest degree of national prosperity until we can achieve this. A comparison of some of our imports and exports of these classes of goods which require the highest degree of skill in workmanship in their manufacture, will illustrate this point: In the manufactures of wool in 1872 we exported $124,099, and imported $46,730,745; silk, exports none, imports $24,349,037; fancy goods, exports $302,407, imports $4,518,987; flax, exports none, imports $17,439,765. In the year 1872 the total cotton manufactures of England $447,096,000 and the value of the raw material was but $202,296,000, the sum of $244,800,000 having been added to its value by the processes of manufacture. For the same year in the United States the value of cotton manufactures was $177,139,737 and the materials consumed amounted to $111,736,936. The relative value of the manufactures of the two countries as compared with the value of the material used, shows conclusively the superior taste and skill which England puts into them and which enables her to carry the price of her cotton goods above ours.

☞ The Seventh Reunion of the 1st, 10th and 29th Maine Regiment Association will be held on some Island in Casco Bay, on Thursday, the 12th of August next. The day will be spent in sports such as target shooting, augur brigade, sack race, foot race, &c. The business meeting of the Association will be held at one o'clock.

☞ The Northern Pacific Railroad, with all its property and franchises, will be sold at auction by order of the court, on the second day of August next, in New York City, for the benefit of the first mortgage bond holders.

CITY NEWS AND GOSSIP. Dr. E. C. Neal, the new assistant physician to the Insane Hospital, arrived at the Institution Saturday.——Logs continue to run down the river.——Dr. A. H. Chamberlain has sold his business in this city to Dr. J. L. Williams of Vassalboro', and Dr. H. H. Parcher of Skowhegan, and proposes to engage in the dentistry business in France, in company with Dr. Chas. O. Hall, formerly of New York.——There is quite an exodus from the city this week: Rev. Mr. Penney goes to Diamond Island; Dr. H. M. Harlow to Squirrel Island; C. K. Partridge to Harpswell, and Superintendent Johnson to Kittery. They are accompanied by their families.——A seizure of liquor was made at Enright's saloon on Saturday.——The Winthrop street Universalist Church and Sabbath School have a vacation to the first Sabbath in September.——There were several acts of vandalism Saturday night: a window was broken for Mr. L. W. Lithgow on State street, and the signs were removed from Gannett's barber shop.——E. F. Pillsbury, esq., and his daughter, arrived from the West Saturday evening. We learn that Miss Vivian, who graduated with Miss Pillsbury, is to remain in the institution as teacher.——The barge Yosemite made an excursion to Boothbay Tuesday.——Dr. Sawtelle of San Francisco, preached an able discourse at the Baptist church Sunday morning. He will leave for California immediately after the Commencement at Colby, which takes place next week.——The house of E. F. Pillsbury, esq., was entered last week, either by tramps or mischievous boys, and all the cooked food in the house carried away.——We received a call from Mr. Kilby of the Somerset Reporter, Tuesday.——Some of the sidewalks on Water street are being greatly improved.——Harry Golding, an itinerant temperance lecturer, was arrested in Dexter and lodged in the Kennebec jail Tuesday, charged with stealing a wagon and harness from Reuben Wing of Sidney, at whose house he had been stopping. He left Mr. Wing's very suddenly, taking along with him Mr. Wing's daughter. Golding claims to have been a circus performer and inebriate, and has been hanging about Kennebec County for some time, acting the role of Reformer. He is evidently poor trash.——Henry Golden was bound over for trial and in default of bail, was recommitted to jail.——There was quite a hail storm Wednesday night, but we hear of no damage in this vicinity.——A party of ladies and gentlemen left this city Tuesday morning for a trip to Mt. Desert. They went by the Rockland route.

☞ The several Masonic bodies in this city, have finally adopted definite plans for providing themselves with improved hall accommodations. A joint committee was organized more than a year ago, who had the whole subject in charge, and have had occasional meetings since that time. At first it was thought best to erect a new building, but this project was soon abandoned. Their deliberations have finally resulted in a determination to enlarge their present hall, and arrangements to that end have been made with the Directors of the Freemans' bank, who own the building, and ratified by each of the Masonic bodies interested. The proposed improvements consist in raising the roof eight feet, in removing the present stairway which encroaches upon the hall, and in a general reconstruction of the adjoining rooms. It is also expected that arrangements will be made with the directors of the Augusta Savings Bank for the rent of the upper story of their bank building, to be fitted up as a dining hall. This hall adjoins the rooms already used by the Masons, and it will only be necessary to cut a door through to bring their rooms together. When these improvements are made, the Augusta Masons will have one of the most convenient Masonic homes in the State, and at an annual rental of less than six hundred dollars. The carpenter and mason work is to be done by Mr. John P. Wyman of this city, and is to be completed by September next. The preliminary steps are nearly completed, and at the meeting of the Joint Committee on Tuesday evening, a sub-committee was appointed to look after the interests of the Masonic bodies in making the proposed improvements.

☞ It will be remembered that the house of Hon. Daniel Williams on the east side of the river was entered June 16th while the family was at church and that three persons were driven away from the house when the family returned, and made their escape in a boat. It seems that the rogues went to Farmingdale where they stole various articles, including a lot of choice cable of Dewitt C. Foster. It is now supposed that the theives were Fred Britt, Jacob Bolton and George Woods, well known in this city, as these parties have been absent since that time until Friday when Britt was arrested and lodged in jail. He states that after they left Farmingdale they went to Bath and having sold their plunder they left their boat, went to North Berwick, where they worked two or three days on a farm, and then went to Mandred, N. H., and there chopped wood a short time, and then went to Massachusetts, where they stopped in various towns, till Tuesday, when they returned on the boat, arriving here on Saturday, intending to replenish their clothing, and then take a new departure. They secreted themselves in the gully south of Court street, so as to be near their respective homes, to communicate with their friends and get such clothing as they needed, and then depart in the night.

VALUABLE RELIC. Mr. Charles Wingate of this city, has shown us a miniature portrait of his grand uncle Dr. John Wingate, who was a surgeon in the patriot army during the war of the Revolution. This portrait was painted in colors by the Polish General Koscinsko while he was serving in the Continental army, and the colors are as fresh and bright, apparently, as when they were laid on.

In the spring of 1776 Haverhill was called upon for 41 men and among those who enlisted to make up the quota, were Doctors John Wingate and Pecker. They went to Ticonderoga, and from thence to Saratoga, and finally to West Point. Dr. Wingate served through the war and proved himself not only a brave and patriot soldier, but a skillful surgeon. Mr. Wingate has also shown us the photograph of his uncle Moses Wingate, taken in 1868 when he was 99 years old. He lived to be a centennarian. The Wingates were among the early settlers of Haverhill, and always occupied prominent positions in the affairs of that ancient town.

☞ Saturday afternoon while two boys named Robert Murphy, aged eight years and six months, son of Peter Murphy, and Henry Morrissey, aged five years, son of Henry Morrissey, were bathing in the river a short distance below the saw mill, on the east side, they both were drowned. It is supposed they got stuck in the saw dust, and in trying to extricate themselves, got beyond their depth. Mr. Ira H. Randall, foreman in the steam mill, discovered their clothes upon the river's bank, near the mill, and a short distance from the shore were the bodies of the children, lying in about two feet and a half of water, and among the saw dust.

☞ The editor of this department of the FARMER is desirous of engaging the services of a good, capable girl to do housework in a family of four persons. To such an one good wages and permanent employment will be given. One from the country is preferred.

☞ Messrs Webster and Hall of this city, are agents of the Mohawk Patent Helical Suspender which is said to be the best in use.

ANCIENT AGAMENTICUS. In historic interest the trio of towns which lie along the coast, south-easterly from the mouth of the Piscataqua river are unequalled by any section in the State. The first in order is Kittery the oldest town in Maine, its organic act dating back to Oct. 20th 1647. Then comes ancient Agamenticus which was incorporated as the third town in Maine, under the name of York in 1653. The third is Wells, which was incorporated the second town in 1653. Kittery formerly included the Berwicks and Elliot, and a part of Wells was taken to form the town of Kennebunk. The Marshall House in the quaint old town of York was made the head quarters of the Maine Editor's and Publisher's Association at its annual excursion last week. The drive from Portsmouth to York Harber near which the Marshall House is situated is a charming one, the road leading through a finely cultivated portion of the town and bordered by rural scenery clothed in all the gorgeousness of mid-summer splender.

York was first settled about four years after Plymouth, Mass., that is, about the year 1624. The settlement was made under the auspices of Sir Ferdinando Gorges who with Capt. John Mason in 1622, received a grant from the Plymouth company whose head quarters were in the county of Devon in Old England, a tract of land bordered by the Merrimac on the west, and by the Sagadahock (now the Kennebec) on the east. A division was made between these proprieters in 1629, Mason taking the territory on the west, and Gorges on the east side of the Piscataqua river. Several changes were subsequently made in the New England grants on account of the instability and caprices of the Home Government, but in 1639 Gorges, grant was confirmed to him, and he sent over his son William Gorges with whom he associated Edward Godfrey, to assist in forming a settlement some where on the coast. They selected Agamenticus and in 1641 it was incorporated as a city by the name of Gorgeana. An election of Mayor and Aldermen was held on the 25th day of March 1642. Thomas Gorges a relative of the proprietor was the first Mayor. Streets were laid out and under the fostering care of Gorges the place increased in population and material wealth. It was the first incorporated English city on this continent. Its city life lasted only ten years. Gorges died, and the Massachusetts Bay Colony set up a claim to the territory, and in 1653 the charter was revoked and the place was incorporated as a Massachusetts town by the name of York.

The early inhabitants of York were nearly all loyalists and members of the English church and therefore received no favor from Cromwell during his brief dictatorship. Plymouth Colony was entirely, and Massachusetts Bay Colony mostly composed of Dissenters or Puritans and in great favor with Cromwell who allowed them to encroach upon the rights of the eastern settlers at will.

When the town came under the government of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, a court was established here and for a long time the only courts in Maine were held at York except occasionally a term at Saco. The courts were held in the meeting house until a Court House was built probably about the year 1733. In 1716 York was made the shire town of the county which was then called Yorkshire county. A terrible calamity befell the town in 1692. It was destroyed by the Indians. The attack which was made in the inclement month of February, was sudden, furious and most disastrous. Many men, women, and children, were butchered, others were carried away captive and still others fled from the town. The houses, barns and other property of the town on the east side of the river were burned, including the valuable records. A few persons protected themselves in the block houses. After the departure of the Indians those who had fled returned, and a few years after many of the captives were ransomed. It was almost like commencing anew and the Indian attack put the settlement back many years.

The first Chief Justice who held a court in York was Richard Bellingham, and his associates, all of whom resided in York, were Edward Godfrey, Abraham Preble, Edward Rishworth and Edward Johnson. This was in 1653. A copy of the records of this court in three manuscript volumes, is preserved in the State Library, and those interested in antiquarian matters will find much to amuse them in their perusal.

York enjoyed the honor of being the shire town until 1735, when it was divided with Falmouth. In 1760 Cumberland county was organized, and York was the shire town of York county till 1802, when it was made half shire town, and in 1835 all the courts were removed to Alfred.

The antiquities of York are quite numerous and interesting. The old Court House has been remodeled, and converted into a Town Hall. The old jail remains very much the same as when used for that purpose. It is of wood with gambrel roof and stone basement. The upper part is now used as a dwelling while the dungeons in the basement answer the purposes of a cellar. The old church at York village attracts attention and the cemetery across the way where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," is always visited by the tourist. There are two block houses in town which are in a good state of preservation. One is called the Junkins block house, and the other the McIntire. The original McIntire was a loyalist and being driven out by Cromwell, he took refuge in Gorgiana, the founder of which was also a loyalist. There are also many old mansion houses in York, but we have not space to particularly notice them.

Abraham Preble was among the early settlers of York. He was the common ancester of all the numerous families of Preblesin this country including, Commodore and General Preble of honorable memory. He came to York from Scituate, Mass. His wife was Judith, daughter of Elder Nathaniel Tilden, ruling elder of the first church in Scituate.

Lewis Bean or Bane, as it is spelled on York records, came here previous to 1670. He was a representative to the General Court and a man of influence. His wife was Mary Mills. His son Lewis was a famous Indian fighter, and his son Joseph was taken captive by the Indians in 1692, he being then about 21 years of age, and he remained with them eight years. After his return he moved to Portland. Most of the families of this name scattered through Maine descended from the York family.

Nicholas Sewall came to York from Newbury in 1707. He was a tanner and a useful man in town. This has been a notable family, not only in York, but in the State, and has furnished able judges, ministers, professors, statesmen and soldiers. They all left the town long ago, but a minister has recently been settled here, Rev. Daniel Sewall, who is a descendent in the fifth generation from the patriarch Nicholas, but he is a stranger in the home of his fathers.

There are many other notable names we would like to mention, and interesting places which we have not alluded to, but we cannot write a history of York in the brief space allotted us. It is an interesting old borough, and the Maine Editors enjoyed themselves in visiting its historic places and studying its antiquities.

☞ In answer to a subscriber who inquires for the report of the Scientific Survey of the State, made several years ago, we can only say that if he refers to Dr. Jackson's Report, the volumes are very scarce. There are none to be spared at the State House, and the only place to look for them is in some private library. If any one has a set of these books which they will dispose of, they will please inform us, stating price.

Editor's Table.

☞ Peterson's Journal of Popular Literature comes regularly to hand. The August number contains about twenty articles, embracing stories, poetry, short sketches, &c. Published by H. Peterson & Co., Philadelphia.

ST. NICHOLAS. This valuable juvenile has nearly completed its second volume, and its success is unprecedented. It has many thousands of readers, and the number is constantly increasing; but this is not to be wondered at, for it is the best Journal of its class ever published in America. Scribner & Co., New York, are the publishers.

THE LADY'S BOOK. "Father is on the Sea," is the title of the engraving which embellishes the number of Godey for August. Fashion plates, patterns and choice reading matter go to make up an excellent number.

SCRIBNER'S. The August number of Scribner's Monthly contains "A Farmer's Vacation," No. 5—The Stone Period of the Antilles,—Chapters of Sevenoaks, the Mysterious Island; &c., besides short stories, and the usual departments which are full and fine. Published by Scribner & Co., New York.

LIPPINCOTT'S. We have received the August number of Lippincott's Monthly Magazine and examined its contents. The initial article, entitled "Two Weeks in the Carlist Country," is finely illustrated and is of special interest at the present time. This is followed by stories, essays, poetry, &c., making up an excellent number. J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia, is the publisher.

WIDE AWAKE. The second number of this new Juvenile comes promptly to hand, and is in no respect behind its predecessor. It is designed for young people of all various ages and cannot fail of being a success. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY. The August number of the Atlantic has articles by Henry James, Jr., Mrs. Piatt, Dean Sage, Celia Thaxter, Francis Anne Kemble, T. S. Perry, J. T. Trowbridge, G. P. Lathrop, Mark Twain, James Russell Lowell, Bayard Taylor, O. W. Holmes, besides recent literature, art and music. Published by H. O. Houghton, Boston.

NURSERY. The Nursery for August is received, and as usual contains a variety of articles adapted to young readers. It is always welcome in every family with children.

☞ From Bailey & Noyes, Portland, we have received numbers 443 and 444 of Harper's Library of Select Novels, entitled respectively "The Lady Superior," by Eliza F. Pollard, and "Iseceulite," by the author of "Vera," etc.

☞ The Character and Logical Method of Political Economy, is the title of a volume written by J. E. Carnes, LL. D., just published by Harper & Brothers, New York. The book comprises lectures which were delivered by the author in Dublin, several years ago. These lectures have been recast and are now given to the public in substantial form. The book may be had of Bailey & Noyes, Portland.

☞ One of the most entertaining books of the season is entitled "Nooks and Corners of the New England Coast." It is written by Samuel A. Drake, the author of "Old Landmarks of Boston," and "Historic Fields and Mansions of Middlesex," &c., and is brought out in admirable style by Harper & Brothers, New York. We advise every one who wishes to become familiar with the romantic beauties of our extended line of sea coast which has now become a favorite summer resort for persons from all parts of the country, to purchase this beautiful and interesting book. It is sold by Bailey & Noyes, Portland.

☞ The annual summer meeting of the Maine Editors' and Publishers' Association took place at York Harbor last week, and the occasion was one of great interest and enjoyment to all who participated in it. The gathering was not a large one, numbering only about thirty ladies and gentlemen, but embracing as usual the choicest and most genial spirits of the fraternity in Maine, with several distinguished representatives of the press of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, who contributed by their presence not a little to the pleasure of the occasion. The Association made its headquarters at the Marshall House, one of the best kept and most delightfully situated summer resorts upon our coast, where the members were made to feel welcome and at home by their polite and attentive hosts, Messrs. E. S. & S. B. Marshall. The week was agreeably spent in quiet social intercourse, in pleasant rambles upon the rocks and beaches, in surf bathing, the facilities for which in the immediate vicinity are unsurpassed, and in daily excursions to various points of interest in the old town, one of the first settled in New England. A visit was also made to Star and Smutty Nose Islands, two of the most interesting of the well-known Isles of Shoals. The editorial party were the recipients of pleasant attentions from J. R. Poor, Esq., proprietor of the Oceanic on Star Island, one of the most delightful and popular summer resorts on the Atlantic seaboard. Those of the party who were interested in antiquarian and historical research, the field for which is so rich and abundant in the ancient borough of York, are under great obligations to Hon. Nath'l G. Marshall, who is thoroughly posted in all the facts of its earlier as well as its later history, for much valuable information, which we presume will be elaborately incorporated in some of the editorial narratives of the excursion. The members of the Association returned home on Saturday, we doubt not all the better for the week's exemption from work, and pleasant association with each other.

☞ We are pleased to learn that Mr. William C. Palmer, fish warden at Gardiner, is enforcing the law with regard to taking fish at improper seasons, in the Kennebec. According to law the close time of fish weirs on the Kennebec is the 15th of June, but Barker Perry of Dresden, in defiance of law, has until recently, kept his weir in operation. But he has been "brought up with a round turn," examined before Judge Tallman at Richmond, and fined fifty dollars and costs, which he paid. We hope that similar officers in other parts of the State will be equally vigilant in enforcing all our fish and game laws.

☞ The barn of Sewall Jewett in Solon, was struck by lightning Wednesday afternoon, and together with his house was consumed. Loss $4000; insurance, $2500. The sun was shining at the time. A passenger on the evening train Wednesday reported a building burning in Dresden, supposed to have been struck by lightning. We have since learned that the building burned, was the barn of Rebecca Prescott which was struck by lightning, and consumed with 15 tons of hay. It was in Dresden near the old Court House.

☞ We have received the 5th Annual Announcement and 4th Annual Catalogue of Kemper Hall, a school under the management of the Protestant Episcipal Church and located at Kenosha, Wisconsin. It is devoted to the education of young ladies, and has already graduated two classes. The school is under excellent management, and affords the best facilities for obtaining a thorough education, both in the practical and ornamental branches.

☞ The Advertiser says that Mr. J. M. Burke claims that great injustice has been done him by the report of his defalcation. Mr. Burke claims that he was the lessee of the dry dock during the absence of Mr. Sweat, and is only holden for the rent. He has not left Portland as announced, and the matter will probably be settled by the courts.

For the Maine Farmer.

Rambles through the Country.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Having business in Williamsburg, a small party concluded to collect a few specimens of slate from the quarries in this section, and visit the iron works. Your correspondent was made scribe.

Our route lay through the towns of Atkinson, Sebec, Milo, and Brownville. Many of the people were haying along the road, and we understand the hay crop is as good or better than last year. In Williamsburg, we stopped with a Mr. Hughs, a well-to-do Welch family, on whose farm a company began to quarry slate this spring. The company claim to have the best slate in the State. It is perfectly straight, and they get a good quality near the top of the ground. They are not troubled with "water splits" and rotten ledge, as is generally the case. Workmen have been removing the "slide" that occurred in Merrill's quarry, and they will commence making slate to-day. It will be years before they get the "sink" cleaned out. The Highland, and the Bangor and Piscataquis Companies are both running; in the latter we noticed some of the squares were sawed instead of cut with the cutter, and it added much to the beauty of the slate. We passed houses with the walls, as well as roof, covered with slate; and though it might be warm these sunny days, it looked safe and durable.

Fifteen miles to the iron works. The first part of the route was pleasant enough, good roads, comfortable farm-houses, and everything nice. Meeting some teams loaded with iron, we enquire as to distance, cross roads, &c. We find it about 8 miles, with no possibility of going wrong; and one teamster says, "the worst road you ever saw." During the next mile we began to think this may be hard for heavy teams, but it does very well for a light buggy. Reaching the woods, 7 miles of which occupied 3 hours, there was a change. Swarms of black flies, that drew blood like leeches, and the roads "the worst you ever saw"—that just expresses it—and we were sorry for once doubting it. But a splendid dinner of fresh trout revived our spirits, and we started out sight-seeing.

How red everything looks; the ground, carts, men's boots and overalls—everything had a reddish tinge. Our limited knowledge of chemistry suggested the sesquioxide of iron as the cause. They get the ore from the top of the ground, about half a mile from the works, and it is washed and burned before it is put into the furnace. The blast-furnace looks different from the one in our school books, and is larger and built stronger than we expected. The feed-room on the top of the tower is connected with a neighboring hill by a platform, on which the ore, charcoal and lime-rock are brought to the furnace. This is thrown in mixed or in layers of each, burned and melted together. The lime-rock and charcoal separate the metal from the ore and rise to the top; this is called cinder or slag. The melted iron settles to the bottom of the furnace, and is the first that runs off. They draw off the iron twice a day, and at present are making a very good quality.

Charleston, July 12, 1875. S.

☞ A murder was committed in the little town of Medway between Saturday night and Sunday morning, the murderer whose name is William Pangborn being 82 years of age and the victim who was his wife aged 61. Pangborn formerly lived in Monquart, parish of Kent, New Brunswick, but for the last two years has been in Medway and Winn. Since last March he has been at his old home, where he had some property and had some business to settle, and he only returned to Medway last Friday. The weapon which he used was an axe and so quietly did he perform his terrible deed that he aroused no one in the house. He made no attempt to escape and says that he has no knowledge of committing the deed. When Mr. Jones who occupies the house arose Sunday morning, Pangborn directed the attention of the people in the house to the room where his wife lay dead, and it was not till three or four hours had elapsed that he was taken in custody, having remained about the place the whole time, seeming hardly to appreciate what had occurred. Monday morning a preliminary examination took place, resulting in his being fully committed for trial at the August term, and on the evening's train he was brought to jail in Bangor.

The material evidence elicited at the examination showed that he frequently quarrelled with his wife, and he had recently threatened her, and that she had told her sister, with whom they were boarding, Mrs. Jones, that she was afraid of her life.

Pangborn told a reporter that he and his wife retired at 9 o'clock Saturday night, and for some time were talking pleasantly together of a house which he had rented, and into which they were to move very shortly. The next thing he remembers is that he was sitting on the front edge of the bed, having gone to sleep on the back side. He has no idea whether he had been there half an hour or three hours, and as he gradually came to himself by the light of the moon, he discovered an axe lying on the floor by the side of the bed, and wondered how it came there. Next he noticed how pale his wife was, her face being turned towards him. He went up to her and put his hand on her head, and found it was cold. He did not notice any blood, and picking up the axe carried it out of the room.

The murdered woman is a second wife and has six surviving children.

THE TURF. The July meeting at the Bangor Trotting Park opened on Wednesday of last week, and continued for three days. The first race for 3 minute horses was won by O. M. Shaw's Silver Eye, in three straight heats; time, 2:41 1-4, 2:42 1-2, 2:41 1-2. J. F. Haines' Brick took the second money.

The second race was for 2:42 horses, and there were seven entries. Knox Boy, owned by A. W. Bracket of Pittsfield, won in three straight heats; Togus Boy, belonging to E. Getchell of Waterville, being second. Time, 2:39 1-2, 2:37, 2:37 1-4.

There were two races the second day, the first for 2:50 horses. Silver Eye took the first money and Brick the second. Time, 2:40, 2:41 3-4, 2:42. In the second race, which was for 2:37 horses, there were eight entries, but three were withdrawn. Red Jacket, entered by Chas. Burket of Appleton, took the first money, and Fred Logan, entered by J. H. Manter of Foxcroft, the second. Time, 2:30 1-2, 2:32 3-4, 2:38, 2:38 1-2.

On the closing day the first was the sweepstakes, and there were 12 entries; mile heats, best 3 in 5 to harness. Baby Boy, owned by O. C. Worcester of Boston, took the first money. Time, 2:33, 2:32 1-2, 2:31 1-2, 2:32 1-4, 2:33.

The sixth and last race was for the consolation purse of $80, open free to horses that did not win money in the 3 minute and 2:50 classes—$45 to 1st, $25 to 2d, $10 to 3d, with six to start. The first, second and fourth heats were taken by Bradley, and the third by Whitefield Maid. The race was won by Bradley, with Whitefield Maid second and Limbo third. Best time, 2:43 1-2.

Arrangements are being made for a meeting in August, on the same track.

☞ Prof. Donaldson, the well-known balloonist, went up in Barnum's balloon at Chicago last week, and has not since been heard from. A storm arose soon after the ascension, and it is feared that the balloon was driven into the lake and lost. The Prof. was accompanied by a reporter of a Chicago paper, named Grimwood. Capt. Furlong, of the steamer New Era, reports having seen some fifty miles northeast of Chicago, a life preserver and what appeared to be a basket.

KENNEBEC COUNTY ITEMS. Chas. Francis Adams, jr., is to deliver the oration before the literary societies of Colby University, commencement week.——Samuel Appleton, esq., was chosen President of Ticonic National Bank, Waterville, vice Solyman Heath, deceased.——Josiah Hutchins of No. Monmouth, came near being killed last week. He was loading a load of hay in the field, when the horses started, throwing him backwards from the load to the ground. Mr. Hutchins striking upon his head. He was taken up in an insensible condition, but came to before reaching the house. He is now able to be out, although the concussion produced by the fall lamed him severely. The wonder is that his neck was not instantly broken. Mr. H. is about 75 years of age.——The rumor given of a large ice sale in Gardiner proves to be a fact. the Cheeseman, Dresden Ice Co.'s and Page's ice houses and ice, having been sold to New York parties at satisfactory prices. The property has been purchased by a newly formed Ice Co. in New York, called the "Kennebec Ice Co., with a capital of $750,000, which is soon to be increased to $1,000,000. It is thought that they will not ship much this summer, but are building barges and will furnish their own tow boats, preparatory to a permanent and extensive business hereafter. Should the season require it, they will ship a portion of it this fall.——At the last weekly meeting of the Winthrop Reform Club, the semi-annual election took place. The officers elected are as follows: President, Wm. Williams; Vice Presidents, Caleb Battles, George Luce and Reuben Crosby; Secretary and Treasurer, Eugene S. French; Chaplain, George Glidden.——Mr. George Wilkins, the agent of the Vassalboro' woolen mills, has resigned the position which he has held for ten years, and will leave town the last of this month. He is succeeded by Mr. Joseph White, who has been superintendent for three years.——The Gardiner Journal says that the aggregate taxable estates in that city are $2,555,388; number of polls with property, 603; without, 473; total, 1076; number of dogs, 174. Rate per cent., 1.98. F. G. Richards & Co. pay the largest tax—$1,607.76. The following are the heavy ones: W. W. Bradstreet, $1,207,.34; Dillingham & Co., $1,341.58; Joshua Gray, $805.89; Copsecook Paper Co., $776,-16.——The new bell of the Lockwood cotton mill, weighing 2000 pounds, has been placed in position and was rung for the first time on Monday. It is the largest bell in town, and its tone is very fine.——The name of the man found dead in the lockup at Waterville, Thursday morning, was John Coyle. He was about fifty years old.——Rev. R. Sanderson writes the Zion's Herald that the Richmond camp ground is not to be abandoned, as has been rumored. He is authorized to say that "by the grace of God, we intend to hold this for Jesus until the Millennium."

☞ Lady Jane, relict of Sir John Franklin died Sunday night at her home in London. She became the second wife of Sir John Franklin in 1826 and accompanied him to Van Dieman's land when he was appointed governor of that Colony. Nine years later when Sir John started on his third expedition to the Northern seas and especially a little later when apprehension for his safety began to be felt, the name of Lady Franklin became well known in Europe and America. For many years thereafter, she was engaged in getting up expeditions to go in search of her husband, but as is well known with unavailing results. The last expedition was made by Capt. McClintock in 1857, and the results are well known. The Royal Geographical Society, in view of the importance of the discoveries of Sir John, and of her own persistent efforts in trying to find her husband, conferred upon Lady Franklin the distinction of the founders gold medal, at their anniversary meeting in 1860. She was an amiable woman and very much beloved.

MAINE CENTRAL IMPROVEMENTS.—The Maine Central Railroad Company have purchased a lot of land at Woodford's Corner, Deering, opposite the foot of Pleasant street, and will erect thereon a new passenger station to be completed this fall. The station will be similar to those built recently at Waterville and West Fairfield. Instead of there being a separate saloon for ladies and gentlemen, there will be one long waiting room, at the service of both, with a ladies retiring room at one end, and a ticket office at the other. This arrangement has been lately adopted in the new stations built for this company and proved highly satisfactory to both the public and the road.

At Westbrook—or rather Morrill's Corner—the station is to be re-modelled and made similar to the new one to be erected at Woodford's. New platforms will be built much larger than the old ones.

The Westinghaus brake is to be applied to all the passenger trains. Improvements are being made in the tracks at Cumberland station and the new station will soon be erected.

☞ The Skowhegan *Reporter* says that a man named Jones of Carmel, who has been prowling around Athens and Cornville, for some time, Sunday evening week, took a wretch of kindred spirit and started for a house in Cornville. Jones left his friend in the road and went to the house alone. He gave an assumed name, and told the proprietor that the mother of a girl who was stopping there was very sick, not expected to live until morning, and that he had come to take the daughter to her. Nothing was suspected and the girl left with him. Soon he was joined by his accomplice and they insulted and abused the girl, who is only fifteen years old, in a most outrageous manner. They did not dare to kill her, and afra'd to leave her where she was, carried her back to the house from which she was taken. Jones was arrested and is now in jail, to await trial next September.

☞ The first reunion of the 32d Maine Regiment will take place at Portland, on Friday, July 30th. The programme includes an excursion to Peak's Island on the steamer Charles Houghton, leaving Portland Pier at 9 and 10.30 A. M. There will be a grand clam-bake during the day, and a meeting to form a Regimental Association.

All comrades who may intend being present are requested to inform the Secretary of the Committee at as early a day as possible, giving name, residence, company and regiment; also, to use every effort to make this affair a success, by endeavoring to secure as large an attendance as possible from comrades in their vicinity. The Secretary is Henry C. Houston, at Registry of Deeds, Portland, Me.

☞ John H. Rogers of Bath of the firm of Rogers Brothers, extensive lumber dealers and mill owners of that city, was killed Saturday while engaged in hauling lumber. He was on top of a heavily loaded team and was driving down a steep hill when the harness gave way precipitating the load against the horse, frightening him into a dead run. Rogers ran forward to ascertain the trouble when he fell between the horse and his load. The sharp, ragged ends of the lumber pierced and jammed him frightfully, so that he lived, unconscious, but a few moments. He was 32 years old, and a widely known, active and estimable man. He leaves a wife.

☞ The Old Orchard House at Old Orchard Beach, C. E. Staples proprietor, was burned to the ground Wednesday night.—The house was full of boarders and the alarm was great but no accident occurred. The fire caught in the attic. The loss is $50,000 and there is no insurance.

☞ Persons suffering from impure blood, or whose health is giving way, either as ministers or those who study closely, will find in Fellows' Hypophosphites Syrup, the material to build them up and the tonic to keep them there. DR. CLAY.

Items of Maine News.

Lewiston thieves now steal plants from windows.

Rev. O. M. Cousens organized a juvenile Temple at Jay the 9th inst.

The Belfast Savings Bank has ordered one of the new chronometer locks for its vaults.

Strawberries are selling in Patten for five cents a quart—fresh from the vines.

The "Normal School" question is being warmly discussed in the Bridgton News by sundry correspondents.

Mr. Zenas Littlefield of Patten, has caught and killed on the Trout Brook farm, eight bears since the first of May.

The Sentinel announces the death of Edmund Lincoln of Dennysville, a prominent business man. His age was 65 years.

The fall term of the Eastern Normal School will commence August 7th, and continue 20 weeks.

The Bridgton Reform Club still holds crowded meetings, and are carrying the work to other places.

Hugh Sullivan of Bangor, fell from the staging around a new schooner, building in Brewer, Saturday, and was fatally injured.

Wm. K. Moody, the former editor of the Somerset Reporter, has accepted a position as editor of the Boston Weekly Advertiser.

Seals have made their appearance in the channel at Richmond, and the boys of the village spend their evenings in popping at them with shot-guns.

Grasshoppers are appearing in great numbers in Wilton, and in some cases are destructive, eating grain, potatoes and grass. The gaudy ten-lined potato beetle is also prospecting.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, who in winter lives in Florida, is expected at Castine this summer, as usual. The Longfellows are also sojourners at this seaport.

Harrison grange is in a prosperous state, with a membership of fifty. It has met regularly every week, and never failed to have more than a quorum.

W. W. Clark of Bath, mate of the brig Mary E. Sayton, is under arrest in Brooklyn, charged with stealing from the steward of the brig.

One horse was killed and another badly injured at Alfred by Thursday night's freight train on the Portland & Rochester Railroad. No damage to the train.

The Lewiston Journal says that the City Council has voted to send a special committee to Franklin county to transport to the city farm the colony of Bubie paupers.

A man was tried and acquitted for lack of evidence, in Farmington last week, on the charge of entering the house of a widow lady near that village, and attempting an outrage.

The Lewiston Journal says that the total valuation of Auburn is: real estate, $4,102,-015; personal property, $855,586; number of polls, 2,101; number of dogs taxed at $1 each, 202. The rate of taxation is 1 3-4th cents on the dollar.

Harrison Hume, Esq., of Cherryfield, is about to leave that town, and remove to Holyoke, Mass., where he is to open a law office, and dev

The Maine Farmer: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.

The Markets.

Brighton Cattle Market.

WEDNESDAY, July 21.

At market for the current week—Cattle 2639; Sheep and Lambs 6432; Swine 7,700. Number of Western Cattle 2500. Northern Cattle and Working Oxen and Milch Cows, 100. Eastern Cattle ——.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices per 100 lbs. live weight, extra quality $7 62½@8; first quality $6 87½@7 50; second quality $6 75@6 87½; third quality $5 37½@6 25; poorest grade of coarse Ox en, Bulls, &c. $3 50@5 12½.

BRIGHTON HIDES—7c ₩ lb.; Brighton Tallow 6c @ ₩ lb.

COUNTRY HIDES—6@6½ ₩ lb.; Country Tallow 5@ 5½c ₩ lb.

CALF SKINS—15@14c ₩ lb. Sheep Skins $0 00@0 00 each. Lamb Skins 50@75c each. Sheared Skins 35c each.

The trade this week has not been so active as it was one week ago, and the quality of the Beeves upon an average was not of so good a grade. A few of the best lots sold at our highest quotations, but upon the common grades there was a slight decline. There were but few lots of Cattle in Market selling at our highest quotations' most of them being Beeves selling at 6½@7½c per lb L W. There were but few Northern Cattle in and some from Maine.

WORKING OXEN.—The supply in market for the week was light and the trade slow. Most of the Working oxen are brought in from Maine.

STORE CATTLE—No call for Store Cattle and but few in market. Most all the small Cattle that are in a fair condition being bought up by butchers to slaughter.

MILCH COWS.—Extra $55@95; ordinary $25@50; Most of the Cows offered in market for sale are of a common grade. Prices do not vary much from week to week.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—From the West there was a good supply, all owned by butchers. Sheep costing from 5½@7½c per lb., Lambs from 9@10c per lb. From the North the supply was light and trade full as good as that of one week ago.

SWINE— Store Pigs, wholesale 9@10c per ₩; retail, 10@11c. Fat Hogs, 7@8 in market; prices 8@ 8½c per lb. Spring Pigs 12@13 per pound.

Wool Market.

BOSTON, July 21.

There is a good demand for combing fleeces and medium grades of clothing at full prices, but fine fleeces rule low, and the sales have been large, including about all the most desirable lots of wool on the market. The sales include 600,000 ₩s Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces at 47½@50c for new, and 48@52c for old; 225,000 ₩s Michigan and other Western fleeces at 45@50c per ₩, the latter price for choice medium Wisconsin; 225,000 ₩s unwashed and unmerchantable fleeces at 29½@33c; 370,000 ₩s combing and delaine fleeces at 52½@59c for washed, and 42@46c for unwashed; 400,000 ₩s spring California at 24@37½ c; 85,000 ₩s fall do. at 18@28c; 150,000 ₩s super and X pulled at 42@56c, the latter price for a very choice Maine super; 50,000 ₩s scoured at 47½@85c; 4000 ₩s tub at 48c; and 4000 ₩s noils at 33½c per ₩.

Boston Market.

BOSTON, July 21.

FLOUR AND GRAIN—The demand for Flour is firm with a limited demand for all kinds; we quote:

Western Superfine at $5 00@4 50; common extras at $5 50@6 00; Milwaukie and Minnesota extras at $4 50@5 75; white wheat Ohio, Indiana and Michigan at $6 25@6 75; Illinois at $6 50@7 50; St. Louis at $6 50@8 25 ₩ bbl. Southern Flour is quiet with a light demand for common extras and choice family; and fancy Minnesota at $7 00@8 25 ₩ bbl. Corn is quiet at 87½c ₩ bush. for mixed and yellow. Oats are firm at 67½c ₩ bush for mixed and white. Rye 110@ 113 ₩ bush. Shorts, Fine Feed and Middlings at $20@ 20 ₩ ton.

PROVISIONS—Pork is steady; sales at $16 00@16 50 for prime; $21 50@21 00 for mess $24 00@26 00 ₩ bbl. for clear. Beef ranges from $10 50@12 00 mess and extra mess, and $16 00@17 00 ₩ bbl. for family. Lard is firm at 9½c ₩ lb. for city and Western. Smoked Hams 11@14c ₩ lb. Butter sells at 20@27c ₩ lb. and Cheese from 8@12c ₩ lb. as to quality.

PRODUCE—Eggs are firm and prices higher. The sales have been at 21@22c per doz. Medium white beans continue in demand, with sales at $1.95@2 per bushel; extra pea are rather dull, and sales at $2@2 25 per bushel, and yellow eyes $3.12½ per bush. Few potatoes have been arriving quite freely, and the sales have been at $2.50@3 per bbl; all are quiet and the season is about over. We quote Jackson Whites at $1@1.05 per bushel.

HAY—Receipts of hay are falling off, but the market is well supplied, and sales at $21@22 per ton. Common and medium grades range from $17@19 per ton. In Rye straw the sales have been at $23@24 per ton.

New York Market.

NEW YORK, July 21.

COTTON—Sales bales—middling uplands @15.

FLOUR—Sales 33,000bbls.—State $6 40@6 80; Round Hoop Ohio, $5 70@7 30; Western $6 40@6 80; South ern $6 20@8 50.

WHEAT—Sales292,000 bush. No. 2 Milwaukie, $1 38 @1 40; No. 1 do, $1 41; No. 1 Chicago, $1 09@1 09; No. 2, $1 35@1 34; No. 2, Mixed, $1 44; No. 3, $1 42@1 40 Winter Red, $1 40@1 44; Amber, $1 45@1 47; No. 1, Iowa, $1 41@1 42; White Michigan, $1 42@1 45; Winter Western, $1 35@1 38.

CORN—Sales 174,000 bushels. Western 87@89.

OATS—Sales 51,000 bushels—Western 62@63.

PORK—Sales bbls. New Mess, $20 50@21 00.

LARD—Steam, 14c; Kettle, 14½c.

SUGAR—Refining, 7½@8; Porto Rico, @7½; Cuba, —@7½; Havana White, 9½.

Gold and Stock Market.

NEW YORK, July 21.

Gold opened at 113¼ and closed at 112½.

Money was easy at 1½@2 per cent. on call.

United States Sixes (coupons) 1881 120; 5.20's 1862, 111; 1864, 106½; 1865, 118; 1865 (January and July), 117; 1867, 119½; 1868, 118½; New 5's, 115; 10.40's (coupons), 116; Currency, 122½.

Augusta City Market.

THURSDAY, July 22.

APPLES—No green in market; dried 7½@9c according to quality.

BUTTER—The best of butter is plenty in our market, at 25c. In some cases it is furnished to private families at slightly higher prices.

BEANS—$2 00@2 50 for Pea and Yellow Eyes.

CHEESE—New domestic and factory 12@13c.

FLOUR—Superfine to common sorts $6 50@7 50; Good brands at $7 50@8 00; choice Western $8 50; St. Louis favorite brands $9 00@11 00.

GRAIN—Corn 95@1 00; Oats 80 cts.; Barley, 80c @ 90.

HAY—But few loads of loose in the market this week and we withdraw our quotations.

HONEY—Choice box honey 30@35c. per lb.

HIDES AND SKINS—Hides, 6½; calf skins, 12@ 14; sheep skins $1 00@1 50; lamb skins, 50c.

LIME—$1.35@1 40 ₩ cask.

MEAL—Corn 95@1.00; rye $1 75 ₩ bushel.

PRODUCE—Potatoes, @50c; eggs, 18@20c; lard, 18@20c.

SHORTS—$1.75 per 100 lbs.

SEEDS—Nominal and we withdraw our quotations.

PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork, @25@25, ₩ 200 lbs; beef ₩ side 10@11c; round hog 9@10c; ham 14@16c; turkeys 17@20c; veals 7@8c; mutton 9@10c; spring lambs 14@16c; fowls, 15@18c; geese 13@15c.

WOOL—The new clip is being brought to market in small quantities, sales being made at 45@48c for medium to fine.

WOOD—Mill wood, delivered, $4 ₩ cord.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, July 21.

APPLES—are selling at $3.,@3.75 ₩ bbl. Dried 8@10

BUTTER—Selling at 25@30c for family. Store, from 20@25c ₩ lb.

BEANS—We quote hand-picked pea beans at $2 50 @2 75; yellow eyes, $2 15@3 00.

CHEESE—Factory is selling at 13@14c ₩ lb; Vermont and New York Dairy, 12@14.

FISH—We quote large shore $4 00@5 25; large bank $4 75@5 25; small $3 25@4 25; pollock $3 00@4 00; hake $2 75@3 00 ₩ qtl; herring $4 00@4 50 ₩ bbl; scaled, ₩ box, 25@35c; mackerel ₩ bbl—Bay No. 3 to No. 1, $7 00@10 00; Shore No. 1 and 2 $7 00@11 00.

FLOUR—We quote Superfine, $4 75@5 00; Spring X and XX, $6 00@7 00; Michigan Winter X and XX, $6 75@7 50; Illinois X and XX, $6 50@8 50; St. Louis X and XX, $6 75@9 00.

GRAIN—We quote mixed Corn at 88@90 and yellow 90@92. Oats are worth 73@75c, fine feed at $35 ₩ ton, and shorts at $27@30 ₩ ton.

HAY—Loose, $14 00@16 00 ₩ ton for prime. Pressed selling at $15 00@17 00. Baled Straw $10@12 ₩ ton for prime.

LARD—₩ Tierce, 14@15½c ₩ lb; per keg 15@15½c; pail 16@16½c.

PLASTER—White, ₩ ton, $3 00; blue $2 75; ground in bbls $3 00@3 00; calcined in bbls $2 75@3 00.

PRODUCE—We quote beef while at 9@13c; veal 8@10; mutton 12@13c; chickens 15@18c; turkeys 18@20c; eggs 19@20c; potatoes 70@75c ₩ bush; onions $1 50@ $2 00 ₩ crate. Round hogs, 8@9.

PROVISIONS—We quote as follows: Mess beef, Chicago, $12 00@13 50; plate $15 00; extra plate $16 50@ pork backs, $25 50@27 00; clear, $25 50@26 00; mess $22 00@22 50.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY, July 21.

BEANS—Yellow eyes $2 50@2 75₩ bush; Pea Beans $2 00@2 62.

BUTTER—Is worth from 20@22c ₩ lb, according to quality.

EGGS—Selling at 19@19c ₩ dozen.

HAY—Best qualities loose sell at $12 00@15 00 ₩ ton Pressed $13@15.00.

GRAIN—Oats are now worth 73@75c ₩ bush; corn $0 00@95 ₩ bush.

POTATOES—Selling in the market at 40@50c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—Good fresh beef, by the side worth 9@12c ₩ lb; round hogs 9@12c; mutton 9@11c.

HIDES AND SKINS—Lamb pelts 50@80 cents each. Hides 5@5½c ₩ lb. Veal skins 12½c ₩ lb.

WOOL—Selling dull at 35@40c per lb.

PROBABLY TRUE.—The Richmond *Enquirer* states tersely the gist of the whole Southern trouble, when it says:

"We readily admit that few men have ever acted more insanely than the genuine Southern last-ditchers. But these men are few and far between. They have no respectable following, and possess no controlling power. Every Southern State which obtained a mastery over its own affairs since the actual close of the war, has encouraged settlers from all quarters, and not only recognized but respected the rights of all. The Southern States, not thus circumstanced, became, on the contrary, the prey of adventures, who stirred up hostility between the races, and in the outraged name of Liberty, plundered the people they pretended to represent."

☞A riot, incited by a Catholic priest, occurred at San Miguel, a town in Salvador of 400,000 inhabitants, recently, and a large number were killed. The garrison was attacked and nearly all the soldiers assassinated. Generals Espinon and Castro were killed, and their bodies cut in pieces. A British vessel happened to be near, and her men landed and dispersed the mob before the town was destroyed. The destruction of property will reach $1,000,000. The priest has been arrested.

☞It is announced that Robbins, the Annie B. murderer, is to remain in the Insane Hospital, notwithstanding it is well known that he is not insane, and has not been since he was committed there. If the Court has the right to convert a charitable into a penal institution, it is time for the Legislature to take hold of the subject and apply a remedy.

☞A farmer in the outskirts of Newburyport was mowing in his hay-field a day or two since when a stranger with auburn hair and beard, a gold-headed cane and several rings on his fingers, leaped the fence and asked the farmer to let him take his scythe for awhile. The farmer gave it up, and the stranger mowed vigorously for an hour or two, meanwhile conversing with the farmer. That volunteer assistant was Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, now staying at that city.

Foreign News.

Great Britain.

London, July 15. Moody and Sankey will sail for New York August 4 on the steamer Spain.

There have been very heavy rain storms in England. An immense dam in Chinderford valley, Gloucestershire, is reported to have burst, renewing the danger in the forest of Dean, which it was thought was averted.

London, July 16. Dispatches from Cardiff say that the rivers Taff and Ely have overflowed, and the adjacent lands are under water for miles. Great quantities of live stock have been washed away. Hundreds of inhabitants of Grangetown have been removed to Cardiff in boats. A flood reported at Bath, and at last accounts the water was rising rapidly.

A meeting was held in Hyde Park to-day to protest against the grant for the prince of Wales' visit to India; 12,000 persons were present. Bradlaugh made a violent speech and concluded by offering a resolution, which was adopted almost unanimously.—Eight persons who voted against it were set upon, and the police had to interfere for their protection.

France.

Versailles, July 16. A resolution was adopted by the Assembly to discuss the budget on Monday, and then adjourn until Nov. 31. A motion by the Left not to adjourn until the Senate bill and the budget were voted, and the Senators to be elected, was negatived—331 to 371. The Left bitterly reproached the Government with betraying the Constitution.

Spain.

Madrid, July 15. The *Official Gazette* announces that the Carlist General Dorregaray has entered Catalonia by way of the Treuap valley, pursued by the Alfonsist Generals Weyler and Martinez Campos.

Madrid, July 16. Fresh bands of Carlists have taken refuge in France. The commander of the French at Tarbes telegraphs for instructions. Valencia and Castellon are now free of Carlists. The insurrection is confined to the mountains in Navarre and the Basque and Catalonia provinces. The headquarters of Jovellar are at Sarinena.

Germany.

Berlin, July 19. Approximate returns of the Bavarian elections indicate that the Electoral College will consist of 77 Liberals and 79 Ultramontanes.

Turkey.

Constantinople, July 20. The Turkish Government has ordered the Governor of Bozina to dispatch troops against the insurgents at Herzagovina.

China and Japan.

San Francisco, July 15. The steamship Great Republic, from Hong Kong, via Yokolmama, arrived to-day. Among the passengers were Rear Admiral Pennock and Staff, from the command of the Asiatic squadron. She brings advices from Hong Kong June 15, Shanghae 16th and Yokohama 24th.

Difficulties with Kashgar are apprehended by the Peking Cabinet. The rulers of that province are believed to be in alliance with authorized emissaries from the western nations, proposing to throw off the Chinese rule.

After repeated defeats by the aborigines the Chinese troops are said to have gained a victory in southern Formosa. Two hundred savages are reported killed. The insurgent outbreaks in Mantchooria continue.

The flag-ship Hartford left Hong Kong June 16 for Singapore en route for the United States. The Mikado visits the Island of Jesso in July.

Nova Scotia.

Halifax, N. S., July 16. Fishing vessels arrived at Whitehead report a large barque ashore on the southeast end of Sable Island. The coast is covered with shipwrecked stuff, and the fishermen have picked up a load of cork wood and other materials. There has been an unusual prevalence of foggy weather here the past week.

DAMAGE TO MAINE SHIPPING. A despatch from Oak Bluffs dated the 19th, says the schooners Joshin, Getchell, of and from Belfast for Rondout, with a cargo of stones, and Jesse Williamson, Jr., Sewards, from Port Johnson, of and for Portsmouth, with coal, were in collision off Robinson's Hole, Vineyard Sound, this morning. The Joshin' was cut down to the water's edge, forward, losing her bowsprit and all her head gear, cat-heads, knight-heads, bulwarks, &c.—The Jesse Williamson, Jr., lost her bowsprit, headgear, cutwater and started her water ways. The Williamson, towed the Joshin to this port, where both vessels will repair.

A dispatch from Vineyard Haven of the same date says Schooner Willie Harris of Machias, Maine, from Port Johnson for Salem with coal, was run into and sunk Saturday night at midnight in Vineyard Sound by the schooner Narragansett of Wilmington, Del. The schooner remained above water half an hour, giving the crew an opportunity to get away in their boats. The schooner lies in about ten fathoms and mastheads out of water, and is in a dangerous position for passing vessels. Gay Head light bears from the wreck southwest and Tarpaulin Cove Light northeast by north, about three and a half miles. The schooner is insured.

☞The American Rifle Team carried off the prizes not only in Ireland but in England. On Monday at the shooting for the Albert prizes at Wimbledon the ranges were 200, 600, and 900 yards. In the shooting at the first two ranges the scores show that Gildersleeve was ahead, having made 68 points out of a possible 70. At the first range, Gildersleeve, Fulton and Coleman, of Americans, each made 34 points out of a possible 35, Hamilton, Petty, Wyatt, Greenhill and Rigby, the two of the Irish eight, made 35 points.

At the second range, only Greenhill and Rigby maintained close competition with the Americans, scoring 62 points each.

In the match for the Rifle Association cup, in which each man has 10 shots at 600 yards range, Coleman scored 49 out of a possible 50, leading a large number of competitors. Gildersleeve made 48 points.

The excellence of the American marksmanship causes astonishment everywhere.

☞A dispatch from Concord N. H. dated Friday says that as the Hon. Wm. L. Foster, Chief Justice of the Circuit Court, was returning to his home in that city in the express train over the Concord Railroad Thursday night, he was shot in the right arm as the train was leaving Merrimack station.—The wound, which extended to the bone, though painful, is not dangerous. His arm was resting in the window at the time and an explosion like that of a pistol was heard outside of the cars, but he was not aware that he was injured, until he saw blood running over his hand. The shot is supposed to have been fired by a tramp in revenge for being put off a train on the same road in the morning at Thornton's Ferry for refusing to pay his fare,

☞The trial of Lee and Dame, for complicity in the Mountain Meadow massacre, is going on at Beaver, Utah. There are various contradictory reports with regard to Lee's testimony, and we must wait for the facts. One report says that his testimony, as well as that of other important witnesses, will entirely refute all the charges which were made against Brigham Young and the leaders of the Mormon church in Salt Lake City. It will be proven that he sent an emphatic command that the deed should not be committed. Another report says that Lee's testimony, who wished to become a government-witness, will not be received as such, the prosecution being satisfied that he does not tell the whole truth.

☞Mrs. Lucy Houdlette of Malden, Mass., widow of the late Rufus Houdlette of Bath, visiting at Capt. Thomas Carlton's in Dresden, on Thursday, last met with an accident breaking her leg. She was riding with Mrs. Carlton and a little girl, when the horse took fright at a mowing machine, became unmanageable and tipped over the wagon and threw the occupants out with great force. Mrs. Houdlette was found to have sustained a fracture of the femur. Mrs. Carlton was severely bruised and injured, but no bones were broken. The little girl escaped unhurt.

MAINE IN THE CENTENNIAL. The following circular has been issued from the office of the Maine Centennial Board and we invite the careful attention of our readers to what the Board has to say:

"The American Centennial, is now an assured success, and within a year the nations of the earth will exhibit their choicest works of art, their manufactures and the products of the soil and mine, alongside our own, in the vast buildings and enclosures of Fairmount Park in Philadelphia. It is now universally conceded that no previous World's Fair ever had greater facilities or brighter prospects, and we most earnestly urge the people of our own State to respond in every possible way, in order to be justly entitled to some share of credit for the great success of this International Exhibition.

We appeal to the people of the State for a just exposition of our industrial and material wealth. We want the products of our Cotton Mills along the Saco and the Androscoggin; the fine woolens that have made Berwick, Vassalboro, Dexter, Hartland and other manufactures famous; every ingenious device and every valuable contribution to mechanical skill; the finest samples of garden and field crops; specimens of our woods, wood manufacture, and grasses; and the finest products of our stock-farms, our dairies and our fisheries.

And, above all, we desire to have exhibited to the nation and the world the vastness and variety of our material wealth. We want collections of precious stones and metals; the lime of Knox and Aroostook; the feldspar of sagadahoc; the rich iron ore beds of Katahdin and the far north; the wonderful slate quarries that span townships and counties, and which comprise and combine every quality the earth ever produced; the marvelous granite, from the pure white of Hallowell, to the mottled of our outlying islands, the red of Jonesport, and the marble of Deer Isle.

Full information as to space and classification will be furnished by the Secretary. Contributions should be ready by Jan. 1, '76.

Reduced rates of transportation are promised, and specific terms will be seasonably announced by circulars.

Correspondence is solicited from all sources, and every question and suggestion will receive ready attention.

Let all our people heed the invitation and the promise for in benefit to individuals and in honor and advantage to the State, nothing so important can ever again offer; and if we are true to this opportunity, we shall surely make a showing in '76 that will do credit to our people, and be an honor to our State."

☞The following is the programme for Commencement week at Colby University, Waterville, from Sunday. July 25, to Wednesday, July 28:

Sunday, July 25—Sermon before the Boardman Missionary Society, by Rev. E. M. Haynes of Whitehall, N. Y., at the Congregational church, at 7.30 P. M.

Monday, July 26—Prize Declamation of the Junior Class, at the Congregational church, at 8 P. M.

Tuesday, July 27—Examinations for entrance, at room No. 9, Champlin Hall, at 8 A. M. Meeting of the Board of Trustees, at room No. 10, Champlin Hall. Annual Meeting of the Alumni Association, at Alumni Hall, at 2 P. M. Oration before the Literary Societies, by Hon. Charles Francis Adams of Boston; and Poem by Prof. A. C. Kendrick, D. D.,,of Rochester, N. Y., at the Congregational church, at 7 P. M.

Wednesday, July 28—Addresses of the Graduating Class, at the Congregational church, at 11 A. M. The procession forms at Memorial Hall, at 10.30 A. M. Commencement Dinner at Alumni Hall, at 1.30 P. M. Library and Cabinet of Natural History open from 4 to 7 P. M. Concert by Brown's Brigade Band of Boston, and Miss Adelaide Phillips, vocalist, at the Congregational church, at 8 P. M. President's Levee after the concert.

THE MATANZAS FIRE. A letter from Matanzas, received in Portland gives further particulars of the fire in that city on Friday night, July 2d. It appears that the fire destroyed the ware house of Castaner & Co., covering a whole square, and including all his molasses tanks, cooperage and office. Nothing but the walls were left standing. The sugar warehouse in the rear also caught fire several times, but by great exertions was saved. The loss is heavy, including 10,000 to 12,000 sugar and molasses shook, 500,000 to 600,000 hoops, 3000 boxes of sugar, mostly belonging to Mr. Soler, 600 hogsheads of sugar, belonging to Polledo, Rionda & Co., various other small lots belonging to the planters, and also about 500 hogsheads of molasses in tanks. In cart hogsheads nothing was saved. Everything in the safe was entirely destroyed. It was perfectly calm at the time. All the warehouses on the St. Juan river, otherwise would have been destroyed. The steam engine was sent up from Havana, and was at work all the next day playing on the ruins, as the heat was so intense great fear was of its spreading to all the warehouses and other buildings in the rear. The entire loss is fully covered by insurance.

THE PORTLAND MILITIA FIFTY YEARS AGO.—A correspondent of the Bangor Whig is reminded by the reports of the Bowdoin reunion of the class of 1825, of the Portland militia as it existed at that time. He writes:

At this time (1825) the old militia system was at its height, and was the best system ever devised for a Republican government. In Portland there were three rival companies: the Rifles, Light Infantry and Mechanic Blues, each striving to excel the other. The Rifle Corps was organized in 1812 to protect Portland from the British fleet, and no person ever belonged to it not a lawyer or merchant until years after I left it. And when these distinguished gentlemen graduated into the Rifle Corps, viz: two Longfellows, Patrick Henry Greenleaf, Frederick Mellen, Little, and Lyman, Poor, Kidder, Tebbets, Dow, Dana, Kimball and many others, who have all made themselves more or less a name to be remembered. Hon. Wm. Goold, in a letter to the *Press* says that the Rifle Corps was organized in 1810 and that it was very largely made up of mechanics.

☞An expert has recently been examining the books and auditing the account of J. S. Cushing, Esq., treasurer of the Maine Central railroad, and with most satisfactory results. After giving a particular statement of his examination Mr. R. Stuart Chase the examiner closes in the following complimentary manner:

"In conclusion, I wish to acknowledge the very great courtesy, and alacrity, with which each officer in the treasury department laid before me every account or document which could aid or make fuller the examination. The disposition was always manifested to exhibit in the completest manner, every transaction, and the most thorough scrutiny was constantly counted. There is every reason to feel the utmost confidence in the conscientious faithfulness of the Treasurer and his assistants."

☞A case involving the constitutionality of the amended postage law has been brought in the United States Circuit Court for the New York district. A gentleman offers a book for mail transmission to Philadelphia from New York city, postage at the old rates being affixed. Being refused, he applies for a mandamus to compel the postmaster to receive the package. The argument of the applicant is that the sundry civil appropriation bill, into which the amendment increasing the rate on that class of mail matter was inserted, was not a bill for raising the revenue; that the amendment did provide ways and means for raising the revenue; that the Senate has no constitutional authority to originate measures for that purpose, that being the sole prerogative of the House; and that the postal amendment having originated with the Senate and grafted on a bill which was not one for revenue purposes, is unconstitutional.

☞Europe has five million of soldiers all ready for fighting, with fifteen thousand cannon and a million and a quarter of horses; its united fleets consist of 2,039 vessels, manned by 280,000 sailors, and carrying fifteen thousand guns. The cost of these immense armaments is five hundred and sixty millions of dollars annually, three-fifths of the amount being consecrated to the armies.

☞Mr. Monroe A Green, brother of Mr. Seth Green, accompanied by Mr. H. W. Welsher of Rochester, will sail for Europe next Saturday, for the purpose of placing in the waters of the Rhine and its tributaries 100,000 shad. They will act under the direction of professor B. F. Baird. Only a few young shad will be taken, but an attempt will be made to hatch the rest from spawn on board the steamer by a process invented by Mr. M. Green.

☞The late Robert Ives, of Brown & Ives, Providence R. I., leaves an only daughter, the wife of Professor Gamewell, late of Brown University. She will doubtless come into possession of the greatest portion of the immense wealth, which is variously estimated at from $8,000,000 to $12,000,000. His son fell at the battle of Antietam, leaving the daughter the only heir.

SERVED HIM RIGHT. The Portland *Advertiser* says a little incident occurred on a horse-car the other afternoon that deserves the immortality of the types.

A number of our oldest citizens such as John Neal, Judge Howard, T. C. Hersey and others were riding up home in the horse car, about 6 P. M., as is their wont, when two young roughs, perhaps twenty-two or three years of age, jumped on to the front platform of the car, one of them puffing away at a villanous cigar. The front door was open and the clouds of smoke rolled in almost choking the occupants. At last one of the old gentlemen could stand it no longer, and so remarked, at which one of the others touched the smoker, saying that the smoke was very offensive and that the rules of the company did not permit smoking on the cars. To this appeal the man paid no more attention than if he had been a statue. Mr. Neal leaning forward remarked as follows:

"Young man, that smoke is very offensive and you must put out that cigar."

"Is that so, old man," replied the rough, lazily looking over his shoulder at Mr. Neal without removing the cigar from his mouth.

The color in the old gentleman's face rose steadily, but repressing his wrath, he again remarked, "Young man that cigar must be put out. Smoking is not allowed on the cars."

"Well, old man, what are you going to do about it?" replied the rough.

With the quickness of lightning Mr. Neal made a bound on to that platform. Quicker than it takes to tell the story he seized the cigar, from the man's mouth, and flung it in the street. With one hand he grasped the rough by the nape of the neck and with the other by the left fore-arm, raised him off his feet and dashed him to the platform, and as he placed his foot on him he exclaimed, in quivering tones, "thank your stars young man I did not pitch you into the street after your cigar."

The fellow was completely cowed. When we remember that Mr. Neal is 84 years old the mere physical energy and power displayed is something remarkable. Every one will say he served the rough just right.

☞Despatches says that robberies are becoming so frequent at Cold Spring in New York that the inhabitants are becoming greatly alarmed. It is believed by many that these depredations are committed by an organized band of mountain brigands.—On Wednesday night the residences of John Adams, Samuel J. Owens, John Wise and James Dykman were entered and considerable property carried off. A short time ago this gang entered a house two miles east of Cold Springs, bound and gagged the family, stole a quantity of money, and, then entering a barn near by stole a carriage and team of horses and hurried to Cold Stream before daylight. There they robbed several houses, using violence upon the slightest provocation. They worked quickly and got away before daylight toward Breakneck, driving up to Chiselhurst, the mountain home of Clara Louise Kellogg. There they alighted and demanded admission. Miss Kellogg was quietly reposing in her room. Her brother rose, and seeing the scoundrels at the door, ordered them away, at the same time firing his gun at them from the window. Nearly all left, but seeing one or two stayed behind, Kellogg fired and it is believed wounded one, as blood was traced some distance. Search being made, the stolen carriage was found smashed to pieces on the rocks of Breakneck, and the horse found roaming about at will, badly bruised and cut.

A vigilance committee is to be empowered to act summarily by the selectmen.

NO POSTPONEMENT OF THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION. The Philadelphia *Press* referring to a recent communication of our ex-Minister to Austra, says:

"Mr. Jay concludes by the original suggestion that if more time were given other buildings would be erected of an ornamental character by foreign nations, as in Vienna, where His Excellency resided during the Exhibition. Now the fact is, it is a matter of doubt if there will ever be room for the buildings already proposed to be erected by foreign nations. Great Britain has four under contract. Sweden two, of which plans have arrived. The Japanese, Spanish, French and Mexican Commissions have already intimated their intention of erecting separate buildings. In our own country several States are making preparations to the same end. The ladies, God bless them, have theirs designed. The photographers have selected a site, and many of our large manufacturers are making arrangements for separate buildings.—Should there be any delay it will not be on the part of Building Committee having this great work in charge; those who know them feel a security in the thorough business management of the undertaking, and we feel confident that the fears of His Excellency John Jay would be dispelled could he spend a week on the ground."

☞The St Johns Daily News says, concerning the financial affairs of Messrs. Jewett & Co., that Thursday the representatives of the banks interested in the affairs of E. D. Jewett & Co., with the Messrs. Jewett and others, held a consultation, and an understanding was arrived at, by which the firm will be enabled to resume business under such circumstances as will be mutually advantageous. Such a result of the conference is well calculated to inspire confidence in financial circles, and will be regarded with satisfaction by those interested in the labor market, as it will be the means of providing employment for a large number of persons who have been idle in consequence of the suspension of business by the firm.—There is no doubt that Messrs. Jewett & Co. will, ere long, be enabled to place themselves in a position to command public credit and carry on a business that will fully indemnify their creditors and be profitable to themselves.

☞Experiments are making in France to test the efficiency of locomotive engines. It is thus described: "This engine has no wheels, but what may be called legs. It does not roll; it walks, runs or gallops. It is like an ordinary engine with straight rods terminating in circular skates. There are three legs in front and three behind. The moving cylinders, instead of turning wheels, raise the feet. The invention is especially adapted for carrying great weights up an incline. One model, which is now at work on a French railway, weighs ten tons, and goes four to five miles every hour, but can accomplish if desired eleven or twelve miles."

THE COTTON CROP. Information from a majority of the cotton-producing States report favorable tidings regarding the great staple of the South. In the Gulf States, and especially in Alabama, Louisana, and Texas, partial statistics show that the crop promises more than an average yield, while in the more northern cotton belt almost as favorable information is received.

If these indications are realized we may look for a decline in the price of cotton at an early day; and consequently a further decline in cotton goods. These possibilities make our large cotton manufacturers rather anxious, for many of them have accumulated large stocks of goods in their warehouses, and also in the hands of commission houses.

CENTENNIAL RACES. Efforts are being made to have competitive trials of trotting and running horses during the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, next year. A grand series of races, like the Derby-Days in England, or the *Grand Prix de Paris* in France, would attract immense crowds to the Centennial. Of course, not all of us have tastes for the Turf, yet in the Middle and Southern States, horse-racing is an "institution" dating back earlier than the Declaration of Independence. As amusement is one object of the great Centennial jollification, we say "ave" to the horse races. Let us have "a good time" in the Quaker City, A. D. 1876.

☞Frederick Floyd, chief clerk of the Massachusetts Liquor License Commissioner has been arrested charged with procuring licenses issued by forged endorsements on applications, and by forging the name of H. C. Hemmenway, Superintendeut of Intelligence Offices and Licenses, whose endorsement was necessary. Floyd belongs to a good family and has hitherto borne a first-class reputation. It is alleged he has been well paid by parties for whom he contrived to get licenses.

☞Gen. Sherman, alluding to the late General Blair on Friday last, said that he had always regarded him as one of the truest patriots, most honest and honorable men and most courageous soldiers this country ever produced. He added: "To his boldness, promptitude and firmness more than anything else, the country is indebted for the preservation of St. Louis as a strategic point, and for the salvation of Missouri from secession. His virtues will live forever, because they reflected good upon others, while his faults will be buried with him because they harmed no one but himself."

☞Following close upon the news of disastrous floods in France, Hungary, and Switzerland, we now have intelligence that thousands of acres in England are under water. Besides, much damage has been done by the storms in other parts of England and in Wales. In some places the waters are still rising, and we may have reports of more disasters. Fortunately it does not seem probable that the destruction will be at all as great as that caused by the overflow on the continent.

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☞Despatches says that robberies are becoming so frequent at Cold Spring in New York that the inhabitants are becoming greatly alarmed. It is believed by many that these depredations are committed by an organized band of mountain brigands.—On Wednesday night the residences of John Adams, Samuel J. Owens, John Wise and James Dykman were entered and considerable property carried off. A short time ago this gang entered a house two miles east of Cold Springs, bound and gagged the family, stole a quantity of money, and, then entering a barn near by stole a carriage and team of horses and hurried to Cold Stream before daylight. There they robbed several houses, using violence upon the slightest provocation. They worked quickly and got away before daylight toward Breakneck, driving up to Chiselhurst, the mountain home of Clara Louise Kellogg. There they alighted and demanded admission. Miss Kellogg was quietly reposing in her room. Her brother rose, and seeing the scoundrels at the door, ordered them away, at the same time firing his gun at them from the window. Nearly all left, but seeing one or two stayed behind, Kellogg fired and it is believed wounded one, as blood was traced some distance. Search being made, the stolen carriage was found smashed to pieces on the rocks of Breakneck, and the horse found roaming about at will, badly bruised and cut.

A vigilance committee is to be empowered to act summarily by the selectmen.

NO POSTPONEMENT OF THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION. The Philadelphia *Press* referring to a recent communication of our ex-Minister to Austra, says:

"Mr. Jay concludes by the original suggestion that if more time were given other buildings would be erected of an ornamental character by foreign nations, as in Vienna, where His Excellency resided during the Exhibition. Now the fact is, it is a matter of doubt if there will ever be room for the buildings already proposed to be erected by foreign nations. Great Britain has four under contract. Sweden two, of which plans have arrived. The Japanese, Spanish, French and Mexican Commissions have already intimated their intention of erecting separate buildings. In our own country several States are making preparations to the same end. The ladies, God bless them, have theirs designed. The photographers have selected a site, and many of our large manufacturers are making arrangements for separate buildings.—Should there be any delay it will not be on the part of Building Committee having this great work in charge; those who know them feel a security in the thorough business management of the undertaking, and we feel confident that the fears of His Excellency John Jay would be dispelled could he spend a week on the ground."

☞The St Johns Daily News says, concerning the financial affairs of Messrs. Jewett & Co., that Thursday the representatives of the banks interested in the affairs of E. D. Jewett & Co., with the Messrs. Jewett and others, held a consultation, and an understanding was arrived at, by which the firm will be enabled to resume business under such circumstances as will be mutually advantageous. Such a result of the conference is well calculated to inspire confidence in financial circles, and will be regarded with satisfaction by those interested in the labor market, as it will be the means of providing employment for a large number of persons who have been idle in consequence of the suspension of business by the firm.—There is no doubt that Messrs. Jewett & Co. will, ere long, be enabled to place themselves in a position to command public credit and carry on a business that will fully indemnify their creditors and be profitable to themselves.

☞Experiments are making in France to test the efficiency of locomotive engines. It is thus described: "This engine has no wheels, but what may be called legs. It does not roll; it walks, runs or gallops. It is like an ord

Poetry.

A Hundred Years.

BY MISS BROWN.

One hundred years ago
June roses bloomed below—
June skies beamed bright!
What time from sun to sun
Heroic deeds were done,
And blood-bought laurels won
On Charlestown's height!

One hundred years! and now
A mighty people bow
In grateful praise,
"The crown to those who fight
For freedom, truth and right!"
North, South, East, West unite
Glad song to raise!

One hundred years to come!—
Though voic e shall be dumb
That sing to-day,
Yet as June roses will
For other eyes bloom still,
So may same heroes fill
Our land alway!

Our Story Teller.

THE STORY OF A TROMBONE.

"It is not to be endured," I said to the proprietor of that great, gloomy lodging-house over town. My rest is disturbed, my waking hours tortured by this rasping fiend of a horn! The blast of this trumpet over my head is worse to me than that of the angel Gabriel to a condemned soul.—You may, if you please, charge me for their empty room, but either this man and his wife leave the house or I do."

"Make yourself easy, Mr. Van Tassel," said the proprietor. "They shall leave when their month is up."

I went back to my room, counting the days of the fortnight left them, as the woman in the fairy tale told over the fatal beans.

On looking from my window at the bit of blue sky visible between the high walls of the factory and the tenements close by, I found a swarm of sparrows rapidly descending upon the window-sill above mine, voraciously intent upon a liberal supply of bread crumbs, dealt out to them by the delicate and shapely hand of a woman. A little boy from the opposite tenement waved his crutch to the birds, and smiled his little, wan, sickly smile. I suppose in the whole of his lifetime, which was not more than the seven years I had lived there, he had not, like myself, seen such a sight.

That night the man, contrary to his custom, remained at home, and despite the closed windows and the high wind outside, there came to me note by note a quaint old hymn of Heber's and a little French song, of which the chorus, "Jamais, jamais," sung in the clear, sweet, sonorous voice of the woman, seemed freighted with the lost hopes of the wretched creatures within reach of her melody.

Not until the hour of midnight did the wind cease to bring me the prolonged toot of this monster of brass?

"They enjoy it, then," I said, as I went to bed; "so much the worse for them."

A week later, we had one of those sudden changes of weather for which our climate is alike famous and detestable. The sun came out bright and warm, light fleecy clouds floating over a blue sky. The dingy squalor of the city shone miserably in the brilliancy of a summer solstice. My moldy room became suffocating with fetid vapors, and as I leaned out of the window to breathe the air, a subtle perfume fell upon my nostrils. So faint, so sweet, it seemed almost dead, and, with the only warm heart I had ever known, buried out of sight. Straight down from heaven, whither that pure soul had fled, came the unmistakable fragrance, and looking up, I was suddenly blinded by a smart shower from a watering-pot held by that same lavish hand over a box of mignonette that rested upon the old stones of the window-sill.

I uttered an involuntary exclamation; over popped a braided head.

"Pardon!" said the lips, smiling the free, frank, pleasant smile of a woman.

I drew back and held my breath in sudden bewilderment.

For ten long years I had been dead to curiosity or care concerning my fellow-creatures. The world might have been decimated by famine and pestilence, and I would have been as impervious to pity or terror as a fossil imbedded in antediluvian strata. But this word and this smile, seeming to come straight from the motive power that fed starving birds and watered fainting flowers, caused me to wonder as to the limit of this perennial scout of generosity at the top of this dingy building in the heart of the seething city.

"How happy," thought I, "is this wretched enthusiast of a man above me! With this woman for his wife and this crooked piece of brass for his foible, he can defy the wrath of the world! It is not necessary," I added, with a twinge of remembrance for the waning days of their fortnight, "that they should remain here and distract to the verge of insanity one so much more desolate than they." So the days went by.—There were but three left, when, as I sat writing at my table one morning, there came a faint rap at the door. I heard again the one word "Pardon," and had suddenly before me the braided hair, the shinning eyes, the sweet full lips of that woman from the room above.

The pen dropped from my hand. I got upon my feet.

"I must speak to you," she said, "because the man below tells me it is your complaint that drives us from here. I care not for myself; but my poor father, it will break his heart."

"Your father!" I stammered; "why, that is different!"

"What is different?" she repeated, with a slight stamp of her foot on the floor. "We have made the room so pretty with new paper, and the red curtains make a pleasant glow. The windows are so scoured that the sun comes bravely in upon my box of mignonette; it is a marvel to see. Alas, sir, I am at my wits' end. Why is it that people cannot enjoy so sweet a thing as music? We have been driven from one place to another because of our dear trombone."

"Trombone!" I repeated. "Ah, that is different?"

"Different!" she echoed; "and always different! What is that you mean? My father must practice, or he will not keep up to the leader's exactions. I thought, indeed, that this back chamber, so high and so aloof from the rest of the world, we might go on in peace. How is it, sir, that your ears so cruel because of the divine language of our dear trombone?"

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"That is wrong, sir."

"Yes, perhaps so; but, you know, some people have strange idiosynoracies, and mine is a hatred of the French horn. All other music I adore; and as for the trombone, there is nothing in the world so delicious to me. The other night, and all the days that your good father was kind enough to play, I have listened with my ears; and that sweet refrain of yours of 'Jamais,' it brings the tears to my eyes."

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"No, no," I said, shuddering at the thought of such a thing. "I will see to it at once, Miss—Miss——"

"Therese; my name is Therese, and my father's name is Rigaud."

Her foot was already on the threshold.

"Perhaps," I said, with a sort of desperation, "your father would allow me to come to you sometimes and listen to the trombone?"

"Some people like it so much better at a distance," she replied. "I myself think the room is too small."

"That is perhaps because, Miss Therese, you do not love the trombone as I do!"

"No doubt," she said; a little half smile dawned upon her lips, and she fled away through the corridor.

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I went back to my room it seemed haunted with the ghost of a vanished happiness. I could not write because of the face of Therse upon the paper before me. Her serious but fine features had caught the imprint of a sad, sequestered life. The marble whiteness of her skin, her long eyelashes blacker than her hair, the curves upon her well-cut lips, made her expression one between tenderness and severity.

Fancy me, if you can, in a pea-jacket patched upon the right arm by my own fingers, a pair of high boots capable of carrying me through the mire and ice of the streets, my rough and shaggy beard and long yellow hair like the mane of a sick lion, my sour and cynical face, my thirty-three wasted years—fancy me thus lavish with time and money, for these are synonymous with a copying clerk, in struggling to divine how the hours are spent by a young woman in the room above me.

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He dropped the accursed instrument and held out his hands to me.

"Thou art after my own heart," he said; "thou lovest the music as I do, to adoration."

"Yes," I faltered, "but I can not stand too much of it. The ecstacy is too divine; it overpowers me."

Then he fell to talking of Therese, telling me the hundredth time that his beloved child had promised him never to marry; that while he lived she would be happy with him, of course, and at his death he had made arrangements for her entrance into a religious house, there to spend the rest of her days with the good sisters.

"We have put by the necessary money Mr. Van Tassel; with it we have nothing to do; it is as if we knew not of its existence. I can not tell you what joy it makes me to think of it; it is a weight off my heart."

And placing his pudgy hands upon his breast he raised his eyes to heaven, while my own heart beat to desperation.

Was, then, this present dull seclusion of her's only to be changed for the gray desolations of a convent?

When I dared cast my eyes upon the drooping form of Therese, it seemed to me that her lips quivered, and her long eyelashes shone with tears.

This was the price I paid for breathing the same air with Therese. We seldom spoke to each other, for when even the great head of Monsieur Rigand nodded in slumber it seemed to her and to me that the shining maw of the monster at his side yawned vindictively for every word that might fall from our lips.

One mild March night I had lain awake thinking of all these things, wondering if indeed it could be that Monsieur Rigand could always have his way; that the days should creep into months, and the months into years; that I should live for the torture of the trombone and the simple joy of sleeping under the same roof with Therese; and that at last it should all come to an end, that Therese should go to the good sisters, and I—"I should go to the devil," I repeated to myself savagely, because the thought pained me so.

It was then I first felt a sense of suffocation, and raising myself in bed, found the room suddenly filling with smoke from the little window that led into the hall.

I sprang to my feet, hurried on my clothes, and rushed to the door, to find the hall filled with a dense hot vapor, to hear a peculiar cracking sound, mingled with the rush of hurried feet and stifled voices below.

All at once the house, the street, that quarter of the city, became a pandemonium of noise, of terror, of madness, and confusion. Even as I flew to the door of Therese, burst in with the strength of despair, a terrible tongue of flame shot before my sight through the corridor below. My breath came in stinted stabs, cut as it was with fear for Therese, and the suffocation of smoke.

I caught Therese from her little couch in the closet, which I had so often fancied but never seen, and tied her well up in a shawl, despite her cries and remonstrances. The poor child's one thought was for her father, who, naked and trembling, paralyzed with terror, stood in the middle of the floor with onehand in the leg of his wide pantaloons, the other waving wildly in the air.

"Mother of God!" cried poor Monsieur Rigand, "we are lost!"

"My father! save my father?" cried Therese, struggling to reach him.

How could she think, with my soul in as big a blaze of love for her as the one burning in the building below—how could she think I would risk one hair of her beautiful head for the craven body of her father?

I fled with her to the front-room, from whence alone we could escape to the street. A ladder was already at the window.

"My father! oh, my father!" still cried the foolish child; and putting my face close to hers, I said,

"My sweet Therese, I will save him if it costs my life."

Then the frightened girl put her lips to mine, and clung sobbing there, accepting the sacrifice of my life, and even her own, for the poor fat Frenchman in the back chamber.

But a pang rent my heart when I put her into the arms of the man upon the ladder yonder, with the iron cap and the eager eyes.

How should I save Monsieur Rigand, when the corridor below was like the yawning pit of hell itself, and the immense body of the musician like a mill-stone on my neck?

But life is sweeter to me since I had felt upon my lips the warm rapture of the first kiss of Therese, and I shoved Monsieur Rigand before me with lusty velocity. We reached the room, the window; the ladder was still there, another iron cap, two more eager eyes.

"Shove him over," cried the brave fireman, I thought we were saved, when suddenly Monsieur Rigand refused to go without his trombone. His two hundred pounds were immovable. "Throw him out!" cried the man from the ladder.

But I could not murder Monsieur Rigand. He planted his foot firmly upon the floor.—"I will not leave it to perish," he cried; "my dear trombone!"

"To perdition with him and his bone!" shouted the fireman, using even a stronger word. "Leave him to roast, and save yourself."

"Go! go!" I said at last, driven to frenzy, "and I pledge you my honor you shall have you trombone."

He kissed his hands to me, his fat legs already descending the ladder, while I plunged again into that fiery crater for the demon that shone calm and serene in the midst of this holocaust of death and dismay. "Come, then," I said, catching the brass monster by the throat, "let us do the best we can." When I got back the ladder was gone! Tongues of fire were bursting from the second story.

"The roof! the roof!" shouted a man through his trumpet.

I scrambled up by teeth and legs and hands, dragging with me my enemy, leaped six feet across a neighboring alley, only to find the tin roof melting beneath me, and all around a sea of flame.

I had, then, to die because of this shining fiend, already warm with the reflection of the heat about us. If to save Therese my life had been given, or even to rescue her father—if my last sigh had been exhaled upon her pure young heart filled with a love born of gratitude, I could have yielded it up without a murmur; but to preserve this cruel piece of mechanism—it was too much!

I ran to the back of the building to escape the lurid light and heat, and saw the roof of an extension fall thirty feet below, as yet untouched by fire. A thought came to me like a revelation.

"Thou brazen monster," I said to the trombone, "for the first time in thy life thou shalt do a generous action!"

And as I took it in my strong hands and bent the end so that it formed a curve, I felt just one little pang for the soul of poor Monsieur Rigand, that must have bent with the brass body so dear to him.

Then I sprang over the yawning chasm, hooking the curved end of my companion to the window-sill below; from thence another story, and the extension was gained. Soon we reached the back-yard together, the trombone and I, and made our way into the main street to find our old abode a mass of smoking ruins. The late tenants had taken refuge in the station-house near by.

Thither I went, upon my shoulder the bent bruised creature that has saved my life. As I thought of all—how that I was walking, strong of limb, untouched by fire or fall to see my beautiful Therese, and the trombone, alas! to reach its master so lifeless and forlorn—my soul was melted within me.

"Trombone," I said, holding it close to my neck with a caressing movement. "I am sorry for thee, my poor comrade; but one of us had to go, and thou dost know what it is to love Therese."

I began then to feel a terror lest Monsieur Rigand should so mourn the death of his trombone that the project would be hastened for placing Therese with the good Sisters. So taking it in my hands, I examined it closely, and found no rent in it; its sturdy sides clung firmly together, and there was only one severe curve the more. A faint hope entered my heart as I reached Monsieur Rigand.

"Do I see thee again?" he cried, stretching out his hands, but not to me—to the trombone upon my shoulder.

He took it in his arms, big tears falling from his eyes upon its brulsed and battered side. "Miserable that I am," he cried, "my trombone is wounded, is dead!" And his great head fell upon his breast.

As for me, while I stood there I felt within my hand slip another, warm, throbbing, magnetic with life and love; a faint sob of joy fell upon my ear, but I did not dare look upon Therese, less my heart being so full, I should fall to weeping over her, like Monsieur Rigand over his trombone.

"Monsieur Rigand," I cried, with desperation, "it is only bent, not broken. Try it; see if its heart beats yet; perhaps it may still live!"

He looked over at me with a gleam of contempt upon his fat face, begrimed with smoke and tears. The word "imbecile" escaped his lips, and with a mocking movement, in which, nevertheless. I could discern a forlorn hope, he put the tube to his lips.

A prayer ascended from my heart, and from the lovely girl at my side. I prayed to the trombone, Therese to heaven.

"Ah, my brave trombone," I said; will thou be mute now, when a blast from thy lolus will give me eternal joy?"

And suddenly the fireman stopped swearing, the women wringing their hands, the children crying; each and every faculty was given over to a solemn and sublime peal that floated out from the mouth of the trombone and sought the hearts of its hearers. It spoke of hope and consolation, and, to me, of a joy unspeakable. Despite its battered side it lived, our dear trombone!

When the last peal had died away, and the firemen again commenced to swear, the women drying their tears and the children to cry, Monsieur Rigand turned to me.

"Thou hast saved the life of my child and that of my dear trombone," he cried, altogether forgetting his own two hundred pounds that I had with such difficulty pushed through the corridor.

And knowing how forgetful he was, and that perhaps to-morrow he would be in a different mood, I said on the instant, bravely.

"Monsier Rigand, I have the honor to ask of you the hand of your daughter, Mademoiselle Therese."

I did well, for he spread out his fat fingers with a gesture of benediction.

"Perhaps it will be best, my children," he said, "to take the money I had reserved for the good Sisters, and build for us a house, with all the doors and windows upon the ground floor. It is not wise to climb so high, when the demon of fire may at any moment be sapping the foundation. Have I reason, do you think, my children?"

"You have, indeed, reason," we replied with enthusiasm. And only this spring the house was built, a little way out of town, where all the birds of heaven can sing and the flowers of the earth may bloom for my sweet Therese:

As for the trombone, Monsieur Rigand cannot be fonder of it than I.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Why and When Lamps Explode.

All explosions of coal oil lamps are caused by the vapor or gas that collects in the space above the oil. When full of oil of course a lamp contains no gas, but immediately on lighting the lamps, consumption of oil begins, and soon leaves space for gas, which commences to form as the lamp warms up, and after burning a short time, sufficient gas will accumulate to form an explosion. The gas in a lamp will explode only when ignited. In this respect it is like gunpowder. Cheaper, inferior oil is always the most dangerous.

The flame is communicated to the gas in the following manner. The wick tube in all lamp burners is made larger than the wick which is to pass through it. It would not do to have the wick work tightly in the burner; on the contrary it is essential that it moves up and down with perfect ease. In this way it is unavoidable that space in the tube is left along the sides of the wick sufficient for the flame from the burner to pass down into the lamp and explode the gas.

Many things may occur to cause the flame to pass down the wick tube and explode the lamp.

1st. A lamp may be standing on a table or mantel, and a slight puff of air from the open window, or the sudden opening of a door, cause an explosion.

2. A lamp may be taken quickly from a table or mantel and instantly explode.

3. A lamp is taken into an entry or where there is a draft, or out of doors, and an explosion ensues.

4. A lighted lamp is taken up a flight of stairs, or is raised quickly to a place on the mantel, resulting in an explosion. In all these cases the mischief is done by the air movement—either by suddenly checking the draft, or forcing the air down the chimney against the flame.

5. Blowing down the chimney to extinguish the light is a frequent cause of explosion.

6. Lamp explosions have been caused by using a chimney broken off at the top, or one that has a piece broken out whereby the draft is rendered variable and the flame unsteady.

7. Sometimes a thoughtless person puts a small-sized wick in a large burner, thus leaving considerable space in the tube along the edges of the wick.

8. An old burner, with its air drafts clogged up, which rightfully should be thrown away, is sometimes continued in use and the final result is an explosion.

Wouldn't have a License.

A little old man, smoking a pipe, and wearing an excited look, rushed into the Detroit City Hall and found his way into the rooms of the Chief of Police. Standing by that official, the little old man swelled out and exclaimed:

"No—by dunder—no!"

"No what?" asked the Chief.

"You tings I bay dat license," shouted the smoker. "You tings I bays a one hoondred fifty dollar tax license."

"That's the new law."

"You tings I was a fool zo high, und zo pig around, und zo long?" continued the man, measuring the air.

"I guess you'll have to pay."

"We shall zee about dat pooty quick! I shall do sometings."

"What?"

"I shall show you—ha! You know what I does—eh? I shall shut up my zaloon and zell nodings more. Ven der fellers comes around und kick on the door nobody shall be dere. Ven a pig growd comes up from Doledo on Zunday dey shall have no peer, no zigars, no Limpurger. I shall rent my zaloon mit an insurance agent, und he shall sheat der beeples, und I shall get drunk in my house, und der beeples shall have to drink wasser, und Daytroit shall go down the hill, und somebody shall gome here from New York, und buy the whole blace for zwei dollars, and move him up by Shicago—ha!"

And he shook his fist at the Chief and rushed out.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Singular Evidence of Popularity.

A little fact existing in England just now suggests to a letter writer over there, Hamlet's remark-to Horatio in the graveyard: "To what base uses may we come, Horatio." The fact, however, that the features of Dr. Kenealy have been reproduced in the shape of the clay smoking pipes is not at all suggestive of the lines, "Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, might stop a hole to keep the wind away." Cæsar's clay stopping a hole in a wall, and potter's clay shaped to resemble the features of a man who has gained a certain degree of popularity, are very different things. The one is a materially dead man, while the other represents an intellectually living man, or rather one who not only lives in his own life, but lives also in other lives by the power he wields over the minds of other persons. In his tremendous, though unsuccessful and mistaken labor at the Tichborne case, Kenealy made friends among one class of the English people, while he lost standing with another class. The masses have taken him up as in some sense, a tribune of the people, and the Kenealy clay pipe is as essentially a tribute of love and admiration as the most finished production of a sculptor would be. This is a truth which English politicians will probably "put into their pipes and smoke it."

A Detailed Account of the Great International Rifle Match.

The New York *Times's* special correspondent at Dublin cables the following interesting description of the match: The day opened unfavorably, the weather being hazy and a low, shifting wind blowing. A great throng from Dublin and the neighboring country, with many prominent personages from all parts of the United Kingdom, including the Lord Mayor of London, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and the Mayor of York, and a large number of Americans, were present, purposely to see the great contest or on visiting tours. The firing began at 800 yards, and Dr. Hamilton opened with a centre shot scoring three. Col. Gildersleeve of the American six followed with a shot in the centre also. The next shot on the Irish side went for nothing, McKenna and Milner making misses with their first shots. The disappointment of the Irish at this incident was openly expressed. Bodine's seventh shot was a miss, which caused some nervousness among the Americans. At the close of the firing at the 800 yards, range, however, both sides were confident, the score being so close that Bodine's last bullet would have given the American the advantage. As it was, the Irish gained their only success of the day, and that by a single point, the score showing 338 for them and 337 for the Americans.

The crowd constantly increased during the progress of firing. At 2 o'clock the wind rose slightly and the Americans entered into the contest at the 900 yards range with high hopes, while the Irish began to "flunk" under McKenna's two misses and Milner's first, second, sixth, eighth and ninth shots, which were all misses. The crowd was in a state of consternation, and threatening disturbance. The first and second shots of Coleman of the American team were also misses. At the close of the firing at 900 yards, the defeat of the Irish team was acknowledged, and luncheon was taken in chargin, gloom, outspoken dissatisfaction and symptons of disorganization among the Irish. The crowd, which manifested intense anxiety at the result, had grown to about 30,000 persons. Every Irish bull's eye was cheered, and disturbance was becoming imminent. The police were powerless, and Dr. Hamilton addressed the crowd, standing in close shooting position. The Americans refused to fire until order was restored. Every gentleman on the ground now became a policeman and there was great hustling, and the disorder can hardly be exaggerated. A delay of 35 minutes resulted, when partial order was restored. At the 1000 yards range the Americans started badly, with the exception of Bodine. The sun, which up to this time, had been obscured, burst suddenly out, sweeping the clouds and mists away and leaving perfect Creedmoor weather. The Irish, dejected and and nervous, shot wildly, and a succession of shots proved to be merely at random. Milner missed his third shot, the crowd groaning vociferously. When he missed his ninth shot the uproar on the Irish side of the ground was tremendous. The eleventh shot he missed also producing consternation. Dr. Hamilton scored a succession of threes, and blamed the crowd for his lack of success. Everybody seemed to be in bad temper. The Americans were cooler than their competitors, though complaining of the uproar and confusion. Gildersleeve's score was splendid, comparatively, though inferior to Wilson's and Hamilton's. Bodine was constantly reliable.

As the day closed, the Irish team began to yield manifestly. The men seemed to lose their heads and tremble, and attack at centre and centers, which manifested their weakness effects, the one to encourage, the other to dishearten. Hamilton, McKenna and Pollock with bull's eyes, Wilson with a center and an outer, and Milner with centers. Johnson scored eight centers in succession and proved himself the best of the Irish team at 1000 yards. The ropes were broken by the Irish near the close, Fulton and Bodine not having yet finished. Fulton missing through the disorder. The crowd cheering rushed across the ground, causing great confusion. Bodine, however, was cool and undisturbed, and quietly took his position for the last shot, while the crowd ranged itself along the line of fire leaving a widening opening toward the targets, but only wide enough to expose two of the targets to the view of the firer. All control was lost over them, but Bodine lay still and silent. A puff of smoke, and the crack of his rifle was heard, and his bullet flattened in the bull's eye, and a tremendous cheer was given for the Americans by the crowd en masse.

At the close Major Leech addressed the Americans and the surrounding mass, and declared himself beaten, and the Americans the first shots in the universe. He then called for cheers for Col. Gildersleeve and his men, which were not very heartily given, but when called for by a man in the crowd they were given with tremendous enthusiasm, the crowd bursting in to shake hands with the Americans and their ladies, amid the vociferous cheering. Col Gildersleeve replied, returning thanks to Ireland for her inexhaustible hospitality, and acknowedging the entire fair play and open field that was shown them. He was proud of the victory gained, and conceded that he could not have lost to better men. This was followed by great cheering for America. Col. Gildersleeve called for cheers for the Irish team, but there came no response except from the Americans present.

The Americans were everywhere praised for their industry, self-denial, resolution and discipline. In the hotels and clubs, the Irish defeat was admitted as thoroughly deserved. The constitution of the team was condemned, together with their neglect of practice to enjoy festivity, it being a fact that the Irish team practiced together for the first time on Monday, firing just five shots each. Milner laid the blame of his failures on a foul rifle, and said he never shot more carefully in his life. His companions agree with him there and blame John Rigby, who coached Milner. Dr. Hamilton blamed the hustling crowd and declared that while firing at the 1000-yards range he narrowly escaped shooting into a policeman's leg. Al blamed something or each other, and the whole population was positively fierce with them.

The Lord Mayors of London, Dublin and York on the ground congratulated the victors. The Americans were extremely popular before the contest, and much more so afterward, and their calmness, modesty and self-reliance were extolled everywhere. The stars and stripes were displayed from a thousand houses, last night, and the streets were crowded as the people indulged in the belief that the Americans will make a clean sweep of the English prizes at Wimbledon, so as to wipe away by further prowess the disgrace of the Irish defeat. The popular joke, last night, in Dublin, was that "England is right in not allowing Irishmen to carry arms, since they can make such poor use of them."

The day's sport concluded with a grand banquet in the evening in the honor of the Americans, given by the Lord Mayor of Dublin at the Mansion House. A large number of distinguished guests, inculding the Lord Mayors of London and York, were present.

How John Quincy Adams Lost a Vote.

John Quincy Adams was undoubtedly the most cultured President who ever wore the dignity. Beyond this, he had the warmest heart and the deepest sympathies, to those who knew him outside of his official policy but a cynical air and expression to those with whom policy or official courtesy had brought him into momentary contact. It is related that when a candidate for the Presidency, he was persuaded, much against his will, to visit the county cattle show. Among the plain and hearty farmers who crowded around him, was one impulsive old farmer, who shaking him by the hand, exclaimed, "Mr. Adams, I'm very glad to see you. My wife, when she was a gal, used to live in your father's family. You were a little boy, and she has often combed your head." "Well," said Mr. Adams, harshly, "I suppose she combs yours now!" This extinguished the old fellow, and undoubtedly lost Mr. Adams at least one vote.

Paying Politeness.

It isn't always the noblest deed that receives the greatest reward. M. Delsole, a Parisian gentleman, has just inherited a fortune that comes to him in return for a most insignificant act of politeness. Some three years ago, while purchasing cigars at a tobacconist's he noticed an old man, simply dressed, vainly trying to light a pipe at the gas jet provided for the purpose. The old man's hand shook so that he was unable to accomplish his object, but narrowly escaped scorching his face several times. M. Delsole therefore, stepping up, held the light for the gentleman, and when the pipe was lighted stepped into the street, whither he was followed by the latter, who desired to know his name and address. From that time the two never met again, but a few days ago, M. Delsole was waited upon by a lawyer, who informed him that M. Donon, a very wealthy man who had just died, having no legal heirs, had left all his fortune to the man who so kindly lighted his pipe once.

☞ "Dar, de great git-up-in-de-mornin' day done come!" was the remark credited to an aged brother, as he shinned down the steps of a Vicksburg church last Sunday. Lightning had just struck the steeple, and the air smelled "powerful" of sulphur.

Young Folks' Column.

The Boys.

MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

There come the boys! Oh dear, the noise!
The whole house feels the racket;
Behold the knee of Bennie's pants,
And weep o'er Bertie's jacket.

But never mind, if eyes are bright,
And limbs grow straight and limber;
We'd rather lose the tree's whole bark
Then find unsound the timber.

Now hear the tops and marbles roll!
The floor—Oh, woe betide them!
And I must wa ch the banisters,
For I know the boys who ride them!

Look well as you descend the stairs,
I often find them haunted
By ghostly toys that make no noise
Just when their noise is wanted.

The very chairs are tied in pairs
And made to prance and caper;
What swords are whittled out of sticks;
What brave hats made of paper!

The dinner-bell peals loud and well,
To tell the milkman's coming;
And then the rush of "steam-car trains"
Sets all our ears a-humming.

How oft I say, "What shall I do
To keep these children quiet?"
If I could find a good receipt,
I certainly should try it.

But what to do with these wild boys
And all their din and clatter,
Is really quite a grave affair—
No laughing, trifling matter.

"Boys will be boys"—but not for long;
Ah, could we bear about us
This thought—How very soon our boys
Will learn to do without us.

How soon but tall, deep-voiced men
Will gravely call us "Mother,"
Or we be streiching empty hands
From this worl.. to the other.

More gently should we chide the noise;
And when night quells the racket,
Stitch in but loring thoughts and prayers
While mending pants and jacket!

Teddy's Anniversary.

BY AUNT NABBY.

We don't wish to underrate Christmas, Fourth of July or any other holiday, when we assert that of all the three hundred and sixty-five days the year contains there isn't one of as much importance to the mass of Brooklyn children as the Sunday-school anniversary. To thousands of little ones, whose lives are not o'er full of comfort, it is the one "red letter day" of the year; but in the imagination of none did it ever rise into more gigantic magnificence than in the little frowzy heads of Billy and Teddy. For weeks they had talked and talked of almost nothing else. They had even turned indifferently from the favorite cracks and knotholes in the circus fence to speculate up the grandeur of the coming parade. What was Barnum, in all the glory of his great show, compared with the grand display of Sunday-school banners and flags? Even the squalid neighborhood, with its great lack of cleanliness or comfort, bathed in the glorious light of the setting sun, seemed to change into a garden of beauty as the two boys cuddled down into the door-way to go over once more the prospective happiness. There was a blissful for